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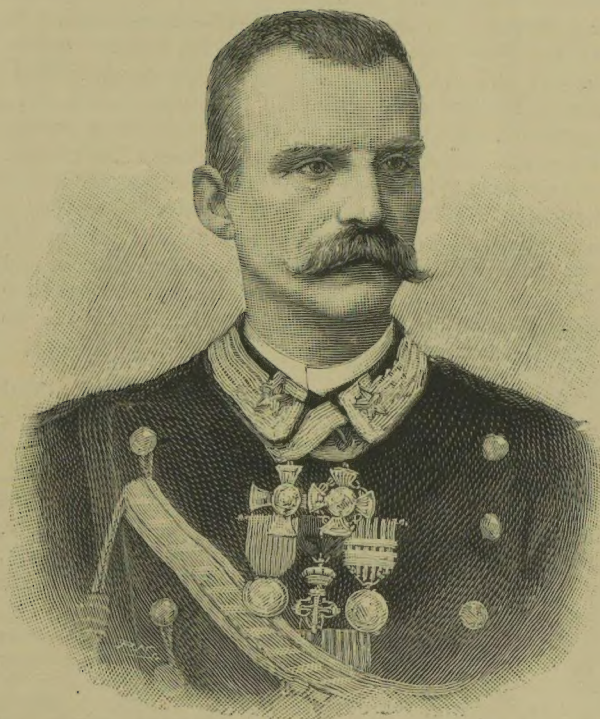


Photo Montabone, Florence.

GENERAL MARIO LAMBERTI,
COMMANDER OF THE FORT AT MASSOWAH.



Photo Montabone, Rome.

GENERAL ELENA,
WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF ADOWA.



Photo Schenboche, Rome.

GENERAL MATTEO ALBERTONE,
MISSING AFTER THE BATTLE OF ADOWA.



THE FORT AT ADOWA, SCENE OF THE DEFEAT OF THE ITALIAN ARMY.

THE ITALIAN DISASTER IN ABYSSINIA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Mark Twain, at whose writings some classical persons of my acquaintance are accustomed to turn up their Grecian noses, but who has certainly increased the gaiety of two nations, has fallen upon evil times. Like some other authors, including Sir Walter Scott, he could not resist the temptation of becoming a publisher—just as a butler who has saved money *will* go into the liquor trade—and with the same result. Like Sir Walter, too, he is devoting the last years of his life not to redeem his future, but to pay his creditors. There is a nobility about it enough to raise the character of all who are engaged on what is injuriously called light literature. Under these circumstances he has even had the pluck to be interviewed, an operation which requires the patient to be in good health and spirits. One of the questions asked of him, to which, no doubt, an abysmally reflective answer was expected—the influence of the Hundred Best Books, or his communing with the eternal sky—was, “What, on the whole, have you found most helpful to you?” and his reply was simply, “Tobacco.” It is no marvel that those who do not use the magic weed are ignorant of its virtues, but it is nothing less than astounding that some who are in this state of ignorance should denounce it.

A friend of great culture and vast information, finding me reading “Martin Chuzzlewit” the other day, observed, “How I envy you! I do not care for Dickens. In that respect I feel that I have a sort of sixth sense wanting.” This struck me as being a fine trait in a fine character. Had he been more combative or presumptuous, he would have had more to say, much less worth hearing. A man who has no ear for music confesses to it, and does not pitch into those who hanker after oratorios; but in literature if your meat is not to his taste, he tries to persuade you it is poison. It is just the same with tobacco, which platform orators denounce as poison to mind and body. “How can they—can they do so?” In the last war that deluged Europe with blood, the one cry of the wounded soldier slowly progressing from death to life was for this soothing weed. It was a sure sign of convalescence. The verdict of the doctors was unanimous upon its wholesome properties. In the swamps of Africa, in the ice of the Arctic regions, it is held equally precious. In pain it is an anodyne, in sorrow it is a comfort, in solitude it is companionship. In that admirable volume, “A Summer in Skye,” the author tells us of his meeting with an unfortunate exile who has come to the end of his scanty store of tobacco, and is smoking the paper that held it: his gratitude at receiving a contribution from the traveller’s pouch is indeed pathetic.

In Lilly’s “History of his Life and Times,” we read of a poor parson who, when he had no tobacco, would cut the bell-ropes of his church and smoke them. This would, no doubt, be considered unjustifiable by the anti-tobacco folks; but of two disagreeable alternatives—such as going without a pipe or robbing a church—one must choose the less objectionable. Our great theologians have been almost to a man devoted to the weed. It was the constant solace of Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, a prodigy of learning and accomplishments. Among his various compositions he produced a “Smoking Catch,” to be sung by four men with their long clays, certainly a very unusual kind of piping. A student one morning at breakfast laid a wager with a friend that at any hour he chose to name they would find the Dean smoking. They called upon him at once, and since he was very good-natured, told him the object of their visit. “You see, Sir,” he said to the student, “you have lost your wager, for in truth I am not smoking, but filling my pipe.” Those who follow the literary calling will, with few exceptions, endorse Mark Twain’s statement of the helpfulness of tobacco. There is nothing so efficacious in bringing forth the fruit of the mind. It has been called the begetter of dreams, and indeed it is so: it can conjure up the pictures of the past, and even of the future; it can recall the dead; it is also the begetter of thought, but not of words. I sometimes think this is the reason why it has encountered the enmity of the spouters. No one who is a smoker indulges in verbiage; his breath is more worthily employed. As a rule he does not speak unless he has something to say. A smoker, of course, may be a bore, but he is never so great a bore as a non-smoker may be, because he has to keep his pipe alight.

The efforts of Professor Garnier to learn the ape language has excited the ambition of another savant, who is giving his attention to cats. He is said to have catalogued already about six hundred primitive words. This enormous vocabulary will surprise even those persons—all good people—who are fond of and familiar with cats. For my part, I have had dear friends among them, some of them very accomplished: Fluff, a Persian, could play hide-and-seek, keeping to all the rules of the game; would follow me about—though not, of course, where it was cold, she had too much good sense—like a dog (a metaphor, by-the-bye, which was extremely derogatory), and had a finer taste for early asparagus than anyone I ever knew; but conversation was not her forte. She had a lover—

I regret to say beneath her—and though it might have been jealousy on my part, I cannot say I admired the ditties which, Juliet-like, she listened and replied to on the balcony from her Romeo in the back garden. One reads of “the low love-language of the bird,” but that of the cat, though on a higher note, is much lower. Nor can I conceal from myself that under great excitement and a pardonable irritation, as when anyone pulled her tail (which was as beautiful and almost as large as that of a peacock, though, of course, of a less brilliant colour), she would swear like a trooper, and one, too, who had been in Flanders. But it is quite true that there is a great deal of variety in the notes of the cat. This was discovered a century ago, when a musical instrument of great volume was exhibited in Paris, owing all its melody to feline performers. Instead of pipes it contained a collection of cats each confined separately in a narrow case, with the tails upright, which when “well touched by keys,” produced a most charming concert. “The happy arrangement of their tones,” we are told, “had a most fascinating effect, and a *crescendo* was delightful.” All Paris ran to hear them, but the Parisians are proverbially fickle. The conductor of the orchestra got into trouble with the police in rather a curious manner. A favourite singer at the Opera happened to be taken ill, and a subscription for her support being well patronised, he thought it a good opportunity to send round the hat for one of *his* performers, afflicted with catarrh. Perhaps there was a little intentional confusion between the two appeals—Catalini, for example, and the cats—which in the eye of the law was fraudulent; but at all events he was put in prison, and when he came out the attraction of his oratorios had died away, and his cats were sold for their skins.

Some eminent persons (indeed, it is rather a test of genius) have been greatly attached to the feline race—notably, Gottfried Mind, the painter, who was known as the cats’ Raphael. When at work with his brush, one of his favourite animals, we read, was always at his side, one in his lap, and two or three kittens on his shoulders or in the hollow at the back of his neck formed by the inclination of his head. Thus encumbered, he would sit for hours together at his work; and abstain from every motion that would in the least inconvenience his beloved friends. A good man, we may be sure, and the best delineator of cats known to art. He also carved them most beautifully, but, unhappily, insects attacked the wood, so that his genius only endures on canvas.

It is probable that when Mr. Bowles was reminded of “his repetition of an historic wager” of a guinea the other night in the House of Commons, very few honourable members understood the allusion. When one says “I bet a guinea” nowadays it is always understood, from the coin not being current, that no wager is really intended; it is only physicians who stick to the old fashion, and—most astute of bimetallists—get a shilling thrown in with their sovereign. In the last century a guinea was the smallest and most common sum wagered in polite society. When Sir Robert Walpole was threatened with impeachment he replied with great coolness and self-complacency, and wound up his speech with the quotation, “Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ,” to which Pulteney rejoined that the Minister’s Latin was on a par with his logic, since Horace had written “nulla pallescere culpā.” He added, “I’ll bet a guinea I am right,” and the other took him. The matter was referred to Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, an excellent classical scholar, who (very contrary to the custom of an official) decided against the Minister, whereupon Walpole took a guinea from his pocket and flung it across to the winner. Pulteney caught it very cleverly, and holding it up, exclaimed, “This is the only money you have ever given in the House about which neither giver nor receiver has cause to blush.” This guinea, carefully preserved, is now in the British Museum, with a memorandum in Pulteney’s handwriting describing the circumstances under which it was gained. “I hope,” he adds, “it will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning.” One wonders what our Anti-Gambling Society would say of such a scene to-day. But very few members now quote Latin, and still fewer would know when it was quoted wrong.

The assertion that one can see into a millstone as far as other people has, thanks to “invisible photography,” become obsolete. Those who possess the proper instruments can see further. Sam Weller’s remark, too, about “a pair of patent double million magnifyin’ gas microscopes of hextra power” being necessary to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door, is no longer appropriate, the requisite machinery being much less complicated. Similar references to the impossibility of looking round corners will now have to be considered, for a telescope is stated to have been invented in the United States which possesses this much desired quality. It will be a great improvement on window mirrors, since when we are expecting an unwelcome visitor we shall be made aware of his approach in good time, and be able to take precautionary measures accordingly.

City matters were at one time thought to be a very strange subject for fiction. “George Geith” was perhaps the first novel that wove “scrip and share” into romance; then there was “Against Time,” by Mr. Shand; after which there ensued a great interval. But in these latter days, when trade has become aristocratic and generals and colonels sit on boards quite other than military, there has been an abundant supply of commercial novels. One of the best of them is that entitled, very clumsily, “A Woman Intervenes.” It has been proposed that novelists should subscribe to employ a standing counsel to keep them right when describing law matters; they ought also to have sponsors—a godfather or a godmother—to name their children for them, which the majority of them seem unable to do. They are misled, perhaps, by the opinion of Shakspeare, who thought the choice of no consequence; but he had no experience of Paternoster Row. However, in the story under consideration it is quite true not only that a woman intervenes, but a pair of them. Edith Longworth and Jenny Brewster are fellow-passengers on an Atlantic liner bound for England; one of them is the daughter of a London merchant of great weight in the City, the other the correspondent of the New York *Argus*—the cleverest of her calling—sent to discover and disclose the secrets of two young fellows, Messrs. Kenyon and Wentworth, who have been out to Canada to report to a London syndicate on the prospects of a certain Canadian mine. To the outsider her mission does not seem to be a very honourable one, but all is fair, she thinks, in journalism. With her beauty and smartness she captivates Wentworth and he tells her all. If she can only communicate with New York by cable before he and his friend lay their report before their employers their future is ruined, and though she likes him, her duty to her paper is paramount with her.

A serious accident happens to the steamer, and a boat has to be sent on to Queenstown for tugs. Any passenger who wishes to send telegrams by it is invited to do so. The two young men send the telegram, and Miss Brewster, having written hers in her cabin, is about to hurry on deck, for there is not a minute to spare, when she sees, standing with her back against the door, Miss Longworth, who is in love with Kenyon and knows how his friend has been ensnared—

A glance through the window showed Miss Brewster that the mate had got into the boat, and that they were steadily lowering away.

“Let me pass, you—you wretch!”

“All in good time,” replied Edith Longworth, whose gaze was also upon the boat swinging in mid-air.

Jennie Brewster saw at once that if it came to a hand-to-hand encounter she would have no chance whatever against the English girl, who was in every way her physical superior. She had her envelope in one hand and the gold in the other. She thrust both of them into her pocket which, after some fumbling, she found. Then she raised her voice in one of the shrillest screams which Edith Longworth had ever heard. As if in answer to that ear-piercing sound, there rose from the steamer a loud and ringing cheer. Both glanced up to see where the boat was, but it was not in sight. Several ropes were dangling down past the porthole. Miss Brewster sprang up on the sofa, and, with her small hands, turned round the screw which held the window closed.

Edith Longworth looked at her without making any attempt to prevent the unfastening of the window.

Jennie Brewster flung open the heavy brass circle which held the thick green glass, and again she screamed at the top of her voice, crying “Help!” and “Murder!”

The other did not move from her position. In the silence that followed, the steady splash of oars could be heard, and again a rousing cheer rang out from those who were left upon the motionless steamer. Edith Longworth raised herself on tiptoe, and looked out of the open window. On the crest of a wave, five hundred yards away from the vessel, she saw the boat for a moment appear, showing the white glitter of her six dripping oars; then it vanished down the other side of the wave into the trough of the sea.

“Now, Miss Brewster,” she said, “you are at liberty to go.”

This is only the beginning of the intervention of this goddess, who is the guardian angel of the two young gentlemen throughout the story, which is built upon the latest lines—all about mines and options and syndicates. Such materials do not seem very hopeful, but they are here skilfully treated, and afford much dramatic interest. A great poet describes a friend of his, to whom “lucky rhymes were scrip and share, and mellow metres more than cent. per cent.”; but our author is exactly the reverse of him—scrip and share and cent. per cent. are the very chords of his romance, and it must be acknowledged, like some magical performer on the Jew’s harp, he tickles the ears of his hearers very agreeably.

Of course City men protest that those who describe them in fiction are ignorant of business affairs. Mr. Brander Matthews wrote a City story recently (and a good one) called “Her Father’s Son,” in which a great financier inquires of his book-keeper what balance he has at the bank. “Not quite two millions,” is the reply. The millions are in dollars, but four hundred thousand pounds seems a large order, and Wall Street, it appears, has made fun of it. On the other hand, the *Critic* informs us that there is good financial authority for the statement. A banker speaks of his balance, no matter in how many banks he keeps it, and in New York there are bankers who have even larger sums at call. I can only say that if any gentleman wishes to try his prentice hand at forgery he is quite welcome to use my name for these amounts.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The drama appears to be getting on remarkably well without the gratuitous advice of certain amateur physicians. "Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none of it!" says the healthy old drama, and the result of this defiant process is the instant and enthusiastic success of a purely literary and dramatic play, admirably "done into English" as he modestly puts it, by Mr. John Davidson from the French of François Coppée. We are told that the drama is marching to its doom; we have before us the strange spectacle of dramatists lecturing their brother dramatists as to the plays they ought to produce; we notice with astonishment the new dramatic journalists and schoolmasters prying into the theatre box-offices and telling commercial men how to manage business; and all this time the patient public sits on a stile and smiles. "A plague o' both your houses!" says the philosophic public. "We intend to see and patronise the plays we like. Give us a good play of any class—literary or non-literary, heavy or frivolous, romantic or farcical—and we will go and see it; but we will not accept 'shoddy' for well-made stuff, and we will not accept bad acting for good."

I have myself followed the fortunes of the drama as an eye-witness for thirty-six years day by day, week in and week out, and I can safely say that there never was a time in all these years when the drama was less inclined to march to its doom than now. The assumption that the playgoers of to-day are vulgar, ill-educated, frivolous, and so on, because they don't like bad plays or bad acting, is wholly erroneous. The reason why the intellectual as well as the light-hearted patrons of the play go to music-halls and variety theatres, and for a moment desert the regular playhouse, is that they often get a far better entertainment there. But they will desert the halls and revert to the theatres the very instant they can find there plays of interest and well made, and acting robbed of the amateurishness and conceit that have recently disfigured it in more than one quarter. The public refuse to take an inflated actor or actress at his or her own estimate. They judge for themselves, and, according to my experience, they are the best judges of plays and acting to be found in any country in the world. When have they turned their backs against a good play or a first-class artist? Where is the marvellous play that has been burked, where is the real artist who has been denied a hearing? The very instant that Forbes-Robertson makes his brilliant success as the hero parricide in "For the Crown," the old Lyceum is packed from floor to ceiling, and all London is talking about John Davidson's fine dramatic treatment of a difficult French play. All this does not argue vulgarity or frivolity or want of taste on the part of the paying and playgoing public. Quite the contrary.

It would be difficult to mention a modern drama more hedged round with difficulties and dangers in the matter of success than Coppée's beautiful *Odeon* play. It was overlaid with poetical ornamentation; it contained no very strong love interest; the period was the fifteenth century; the scene the Balkans; and the subject was the not very inviting one of a son slaying his father in order to save his country. This did not look at first sight a promising subject if it were true that the patrons of the play preferred variety shows to theatres. Why, then, has "For the Crown" succeeded? Because Mr. John Davidson has made a fine romantic drama out of a dull one; because Mr. Forbes-Robertson in particular gives us such acting—so earnest, so beautiful, so full of genuine feeling—as is very seldom seen on the stage nowadays; and because the new drama is decorated and dressed in a sumptuous and artistic fashion that would not be possible on any stage of the world except, perhaps, that of Bayreuth. Our dramatic doctors talk a good deal about plays, but uncommonly little about acting; and yet on the public mind acting plays a considerable part in contributing to the enjoyment of a good play. In fact, good acting has often saved a bad play from ruin. It was prophesied that "Pour la Couronne" would prove far too dull for any English audience, but few had expected so good a transposed play or acting nearly so fine and inspired as that of Forbes-Robertson. In my opinion the English play as a play is a much better one than the French. It is terser, quicker, more dramatic, and the great scene between the father and son that ends in the father's death is far more effective than it was in the original. The other welcome surprise was the acting of Charles Dalton as the warrior father. A good play and good verse to deliver have brought to the front this always intelligent and useful actor. He need no longer waste his talent on ordinary melodrama if indeed it be true that we are to have a welcome spell of poetry and romance.

Whenever Shakspeare is in the air the claims of Charles Dalton should not be neglected. In the Lyceum romance his appearance is very much in his favour, and it is certain that a weak and unsatisfactory King would have seriously handicapped the play. Here is another instance of the absurdity of the one part and one star system, which insists upon the limelight, the centre of the stage, and all the personal advantages being showered on the actor-manager. Mr. Forbes-Robertson is not an actor-manager of that kind. He does not want the centre of the stage or the limelight when they do not belong to him, and he knows, as all true artists know, that the better support he has the better it will be for him in the end. A weak or mumbling King in the great beacon scene would not have done Forbes-Robertson any good. On the contrary, it would have done him an infinity of harm. It is on this account that one regrets that the *Militza* was not a little stronger in certain very important scenes, notably the love scene and the stabbing scene that closes the play. But it is useless to argue with Mrs. Patrick Campbell or her loyal and devoted friends. She evidently holds that one of the conventions of the stage that is to be abolished once and for ever is the old and stale convention of distinctness and of being heard in a theatre which is the easiest in all London for the trained elocutionist. This gifted lady has, unfortunately, attached herself to a school that encourages and applauds under-acting and want of all true dramatic expression. She refuses to let herself go even in the stabbing scene, which, if not the expression of fury, love, and despair, means nothing at all and was written in vain. If we are to have under-acting in such scenes

C. Monro. K. Kincaid-Smith.

Dr. Jameson. C. H. Villiers. Hon. R. White.

J. B. Stracey.

R. Grey.



C. P. Foley. Hon. H. F. White.

Sir J. Willoughby.

C. F. Lindsell.

H. M. Grenfell.

DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS.

From a Photograph by E. A. Williams; published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

as these, what is the meaning of drama? In positions like these what is falsely called "natural acting" is the most unnatural acting in the world. Miss Winifred Emery in the really fine part of Bazilide, perhaps the finest ever written for an actress for many a long day, does not err in this regard. She puts into it every ounce of power of which she is capable, and displays in it high intelligence; but somehow or other it does not quite suit the temperament of this delightful actress. Mr. Ian Robertson, who is responsible for the stage management of this remarkable play, is well suited to the "Bishop King"; but, of course, on the first night, after shouting at rehearsals, his voice was sorely tried. He has great opportunities in the last act; but I think he should study the last line of the play. It ought to come out with awful solemnity and like a thunder-clap. But the success of such a play is indeed encouraging.

THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

The South African Republic, after promptly arresting the leaders of the Uitlanders' hostile movement at Johannesburg, and confining them to the State prison at Pretoria during the examination of the charge of treasonable conspiracy, deemed it quite unnecessary to keep up a show of powerful armed force at either of those two cities. Our engraving is from a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, and represents the scene at Pretoria when the Boer Militia there assembled, under command of General Cronje, were disbanded and left that city, for the most part by railway train, going to their rustic homes. There is no regular army beyond a few batteries of field artillery; but all the burghers of suitable age must serve, with horse and rifle, under officers of their own election, whenever they are "commandeered" by order of the President and the Executive Council. The total number assembled on the late occasion was about sixteen thousand.

DR. JAMESON AND HIS OFFICERS.

A group of portrait figures, reproduced on this page, exhibits Dr. Leander Starr Jameson, the late Administrator of the Chartered Company of British South Africa in Matabililand and Mashonaland, accompanied by some officers of the Armed and Mounted Police, partly of those territories, partly of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, who are now in England, charged with having engaged in unlawful hostilities against the South African Republic. The twelve officers surrounding Dr. Jameson, as he appeared on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25, before the chief magistrate, Sir John Bridge, at the Bow Street Police Court, were Major Sir John Christopher Willoughby, Bart., Major the Hon. Henry Frederick White, Captain Raleigh Grey, Captain the Hon. Robert White, Major John B. Stracey, Captain C. H. Villiers, Lieutenant K. J. Kincaid-Smith, Lieutenant H. M. Grenfell, Captain C. P. Foley, Captain C. L. D. Monro, Captain C. F. Lindsell, and Captain E. C. S. Holden. The Hon. H. F. White and the Hon. R. White are brothers of Lord Annaly. Major the Hon. Charles Coventry, a son of the Earl of Coventry, having been severely wounded in the conflict with the Boers, did not arrive in England until last Sunday, and has not been arrested. The gentlemen above named, except Dr. Jameson himself, mostly hold, or have held, commissions in the Queen's Army: Sir John Willoughby in the Royal Horse Guards, Major the Hon. H. F. White in the Grenadier Guards, Captain the Hon. R. White in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Captain R. Grey in the 6th Dragoons, and Lieutenant Kincaid-Smith in the Royal Artillery; but those on the active service list

were extra-regimentally employed under the royal warrant. Major Sir John Willoughby was in command of the Chartered Company's Armed Police, and Captain Lindsell held an administrative office in that territory; Captain Monro, of the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, was serving as an officer of the Bechuanaland Border Police; and so were Major Coventry and Captain Grey.

With regard to the manner in which Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby, with those under their command, surrendered themselves as prisoners of war at Doornkop, on Jan. 2, documents have been referred to which do not seem to alter their situation. These are the brief notes, written in pencil on the battle-field, exchanged between Major Willoughby, "Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding," and Commandant P. A. Cronje, who was at the head of the force assembled to defend the country. Major Willoughby, after hoisting a white flag, made this offer: "We surrender provided that you guarantee a safe conduct out of the country for every member of the force." Commandant Cronje replied: "The answer is that if you undertake to pay the expenses which you have caused the South African Republic and lay down your people and your arms, then I shall spare the lives of you and yours."

Upon this Dr. Jameson and his comrades surrendered, and were taken to Pretoria. The Dutch commandant had certainly no intention of trying and executing his prisoners by martial law. They were, however, still amenable to be tried by a criminal court in the Transvaal; and the military commandant was not empowered to discharge them from that liability.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

Within the last few days public attention, which had been scantily and feebly applied during many months past to the protracted conflict between the Spanish army in Cuba and the ubiquitous bands of colonial rebels engaged in guerrilla skirmishes nearly all over that large island, has been suddenly roused to keen anxiety by the resolutions of the United States Congress at Washington in favour of a political recognition of the latter as a Power with belligerent rights. It is not yet certain that President Cleveland will act in accordance with those resolutions, which would probably involve war between Spain and America; but Spain is already making the greatest efforts to increase the large military force under command of General Weyler, and has also begun considerable naval preparations to meet the possible interference of the Great Republic on behalf of the disaffected Creole or West Indian subjects of her old dominion. The city of Havana, the capital of Cuba, is still held fast with the adjacent districts by the garrison and army under General Weyler. It is situated on the north coast of the island, towards its western extremity. The scene on the Prado, the fashionable promenade, has often been commended by pleasure-seeking travellers. Among the characteristic architectural monuments of past times is the Cathedral, originally a college of the Jesuits, containing the tomb of Columbus, whose body was brought here in 1796 from St. Domingo, where it had lain since 1536, though he actually died in Spain thirty years before.

ITALIAN DISASTER IN ABYSSINIA.

The Italian army in Tigré, the northern province of Abyssinia, has suffered a great and perhaps irreparable defeat. This took place on Sunday, near Adowa, where General Baratieri attacked the main body of the Emperor (Negush) Menelek's army, numbering 100,000, and holding a strong position. The left wing, under Colonel or General Albertone, unexpectedly finding itself opposed to nearly the whole of the enemy's forces, was repulsed with terrible loss of troops, and General Arimondi, who commanded the centre, failed in his attempt to cover the retreat. The brigades of Generals Dabormida and Ellena, which had been kept in reserve, could not retrieve the lost battle, and it ended in a complete rout, with three thousand Italians killed; among those missing Generals Albertone and Dabormida; General Baratieri, among thousands of others, wounded; and half the artillery captured by the enemy, fifty-three guns, with stores of ammunition and provisions. The army has retreated to a place north of Senafe, leaving Adigerat undefended. The portraits on our front page are those of Generals Albertone, Ellena, and Lamberti; that of General Arimondi is placed on another page. The immediate safety of the retreating army will perhaps be owing to the efforts of General Ellena, who is a very able officer of the artillery, a Neapolitan, forty-five years of age.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BRIGHTON.

On Saturday at Brighton the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, laid the foundation-stone of the new building for the out-patients' department of the Sussex County Hospital. The Prince of Wales travelled from London, on the Brighton and South Coast Railway, by a special train in the charge of Mr. Allen Sarle, the general manager of the company, Sir Arthur Otway and Mr. Gerald Loder, M.P., being also in the train. At Brighton his Royal Highness was met by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Abergavenny, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, and the Bishop of Winchester. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Mayor and Mayoress, and an address from the Corporation was presented. The Rev. Prebendary Hannah, Vicar of Brighton, with the Bishop of Winchester, read prayers and portions of the Scripture, and a hymn was sung; the Prince of Wales laid the stone, and the Duchess of Fife accepted from many ladies and children purses containing money given to the building fund. The Duke of Norfolk thanked their Royal Highnesses. There was a luncheon at the Pavilion; illuminations and fireworks in the evening. The Prince of Wales stayed at Brighton till Monday as the guest of Mr. Reuben Sassoon.



THE MUNSTER FUSILIERS TEAM, WINNERS IN 1895 OF THE QUEEN'S GOLD CUP FOR SHOOTING IN THE ARMY.
This Team was presented with the Cup by the Queen in person at Windsor Castle on March 4.

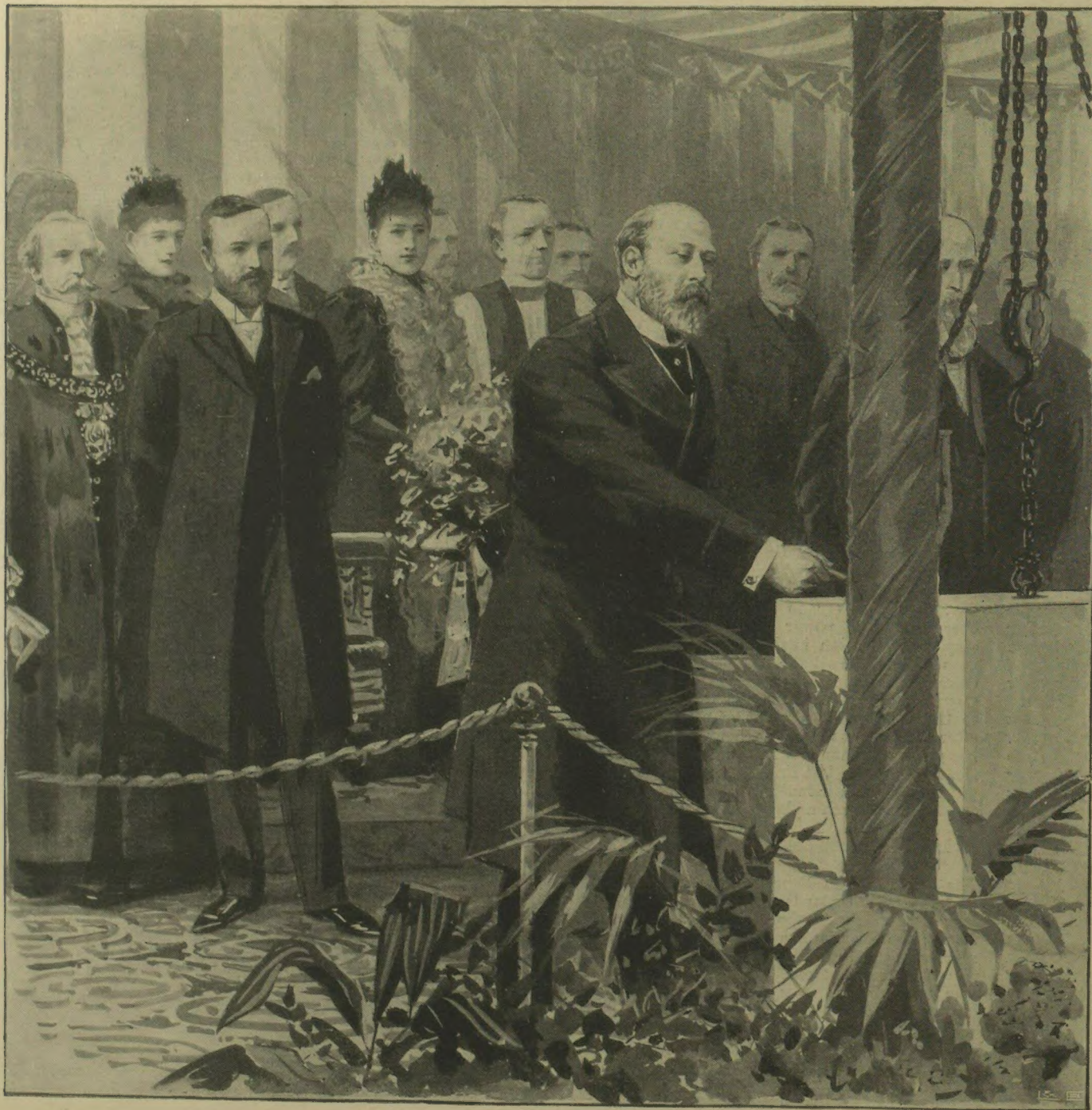
WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S CUP.

The Queen's Gold Cup for the Army, which was won last year by the 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, is a challenge prize given by her Majesty to that regiment of the regular cavalry or infantry whose team of eight men makes the best score in a competition which extends to every part of the world in which the Imperial Army is represented. With so wide a field of competition,

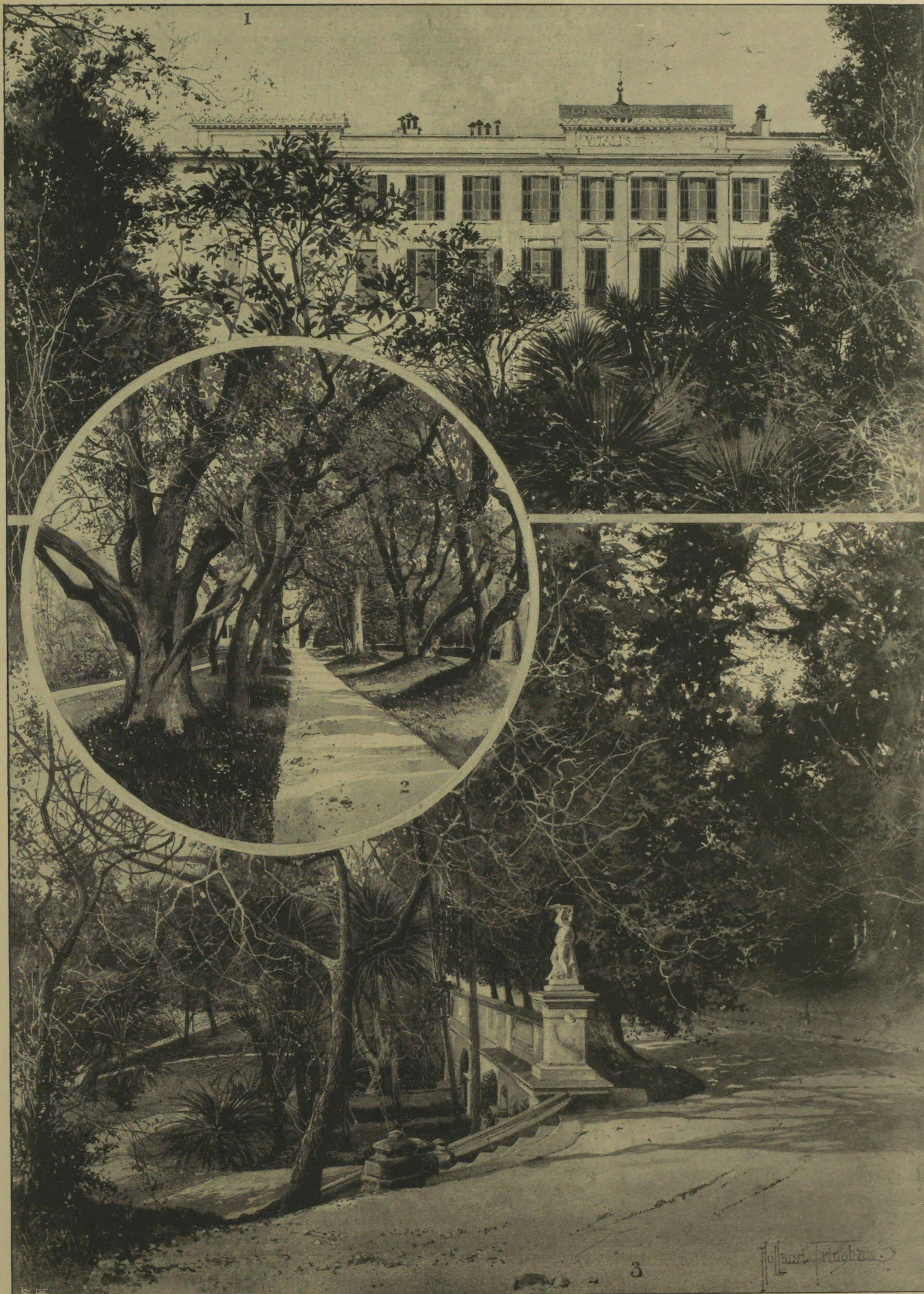
it is impossible to fix upon one day on which the many regiments shall shoot simultaneously on their various ranges, and last year Colonels were allowed to appoint any date for their teams to fire between March 1 and Nov. 20. Beside the Queen's Cup, held for a year, there is a prize of fifty pounds to the winning regiment, and a silver medal to each man of its team, given by the Army Rifle Association; and the conditions of competition are that the men fire at 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven rounds at each, the targets and scoring being as for the Queen's Prize at Bisley. The Munster eight made their shooting at the Curragh, where they are now quartered, and achieved the record score in the competition, their total of 772 being 32 better than that with which the 1st Battalion Lincolnshire won the Cup in 1894 at Sandhurst. Shooting with the Lee-Metford, the eight made an average of 96.50 points each out of the possible 105, and the names of these marksmen are—Second Lieutenant R. B. Macgee, Sergeant Instructor of Musketry P. Kelly, Colour-Sergeants J. M. Ginnell and H. Trill, Sergeants A. McCann and J. C. Duthie, Lance-Sergeant T. Ryan, and Lance-Corporal T. Lynch.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CIMIEZ.

Cimiez, which has again been selected for the Queen's residence during her visit to the Riviera, is a picturesque little suburb of Nice situated on the hill-side some two miles out from the back of the larger town. It is only in recent years that it has been much frequented, and it still retains a more restful atmosphere than its gay neighbour, though it has always been a favourite among the shorter expeditions to be made from Nice. The road to Cimiez leads from the northern end of Nice and rises rapidly as it passes at first between the high walls enclosing luxuriant villa gardens, and further on through country-side rich in olive groves, until it reaches a height of some 360 ft. above the sea-level. The Grand Hôtel de Cimiez, where the Queen will reside during her visit, is an unpretentious-looking building, three storeys high, surrounded by a charming garden. The arrangements of the house and grounds were adapted to suit the requirements of the royal visit of last spring, when private roads were also laid out by the owners of the surrounding villas in order to afford a lengthened private drive for the Queen's use within the immediate neighbourhood of her residence. Close to the hotel lie the beautiful grounds of the Villa Liserb, the property of Mr. Cazalet, where Princess Beatrice is staying with her children in close seclusion, having only left the Villa grounds to visit the Empress Eugénie at the Villa Cynos, Cape St. Martin. The Queen is to leave England on March 9, travelling by way of Portsmouth and Cherbourg, and is expected to remain at Cimiez until the middle of April.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE SUSSEX COUNTY HOSPITAL AT BRIGHTON, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.



1. In the Gardens of the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez, occupied by the Queen. 2. Avenue of Olives, Villa Liserb, where the Children of Princess Beatrice are staying. 3. In the Gardens of the Villa Liserb.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CIMIEZ.

From Photographs by Giletta, Nice.

PERSONAL.

The Bishops of the Church of Ireland have refused to stultify themselves at the bidding of a few extremists, and



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D.,
New Primate of All Ireland.

have elected, almost unanimously, the eloquent Bishop of Derry to the Primacy of all Ireland. The latest successor to the throne of St. Patrick, who is really the only Irish Bishop who is much known on this side of St. George's Channel, is everywhere regarded as a man of moderate and sensible views, with broad sympathies and a thorough appreciation of the needs of the time. As a preacher he has stood in the front rank of orators. He has several times been Select Preacher at Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, and has occupied the pulpit at several Church Congresses. He spoke with great eloquence in the House of Lords in 1869 against the Irish Church Bill, and at the Albert Hall against Home Rule in 1892. He has given the whole of his ministerial life to the diocese of Derry, and his elevation to the Primacy caused great satisfaction, for it is not easy to recall the name of any other prelate of equal distinction eligible for the office. Dr. Alexander's appointment is tinged with but one regret—that Mrs. Alexander, his wife and helpmeet for so many years, has not been spared to share the honour with him. Mrs. Alexander was even better known than her husband as the writer of some of the most beautiful children's hymns in the language. The new Primate is a graduate of Oxford, where he won the Denyer Prize, the Sacred Poem Prize, and other honours. He was ordained in 1847 to a curacy in the diocese of Derry, and his promotion was remarkably rapid. Within twenty years of his ordination he was consecrated Bishop of Derry, in which capacity he has served the Church of Ireland for nearly thirty years. He is a scholarly and cultured writer. Theology is his forte, but he has also entered the fields of poetry with some success.

Derry has given Armagh its Primate; Armagh has given Derry its Bishop, Dr. Alexander's successor in the see of Derry being the Very Rev. George Alexander Chadwick, D.D., Dean of Armagh. The Bishop-elect is a theological writer of some repute, and as a powerful speaker he is not unknown to English Church Congress platforms. His election to the episcopate will save the Irish Bench from the reproach that its members were wanting in learning, for Dr. Chadwick is, before all things, a scholar. Not long since he had a valuable London living placed at his disposal, but he stayed in Ireland. His daughter is a member of the missionary party of English ladies lately gone up to Uganda.

The Duke of Norfolk has appointed as one of his secretaries for Parliamentary work Mr. James Hope, who nearly succeeded in being sent to Westminster to represent Pontefract at the last election. Mr. Hope is his Grace's nephew, and is the son of the late Mr. Hope-Scott, Q.C. (Mr. Gladstone's great friend), by his second wife, who was much his junior—Lady Victoria Howard. The Duke's brother, Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P., has also just accepted the post of secretary, but his chief is Mr. W. St. John Broderick, Under-Secretary for War.

Mr. Thomas Courtenay Warner, the Liberal representative who by a majority of 528 has won the seat in the House of Commons for Lichfield, sat in the last Parliament for the Northern division of Somersetshire, where he owns considerable property, although he generally resides at Highams, in Epping Forest. He is a son of Mr. Edward Warner, who for many years represented Norwich in the Liberal interest, and was born in London close on forty years ago. He was educated at Eton and at Brasenose College, Oxford, and married the fifth daughter of Earl de Montalt. Mr. Warner, who is a Captain in the 4th Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, was High Sheriff of Essex in 1891, and is a Somersetshire J.P. and a County Councillor for the Walthamstow Division of Essex. He contested Coventry unsuccessfully in 1885, but defeated Mr. E. H. Llewellyn in North Somerset in 1892, being in turn ousted by the same gentleman at the last General Election. Major Darwin, the unsuccessful Unionist candidate in the recent contest at Lichfield, is a son of the late Charles Darwin.



Photo Jerrard, Regent Street.
MR. T. COURTENAY WARNER,
New M.P. for Lichfield.

An official document signed "C. L. Peel" ought to be interesting to the inhabitants of Malta. It is an Order in Council dealing with the long controversy about marriages in that island. At one time it seemed as if the marriages of British subjects performed according to law in Malta might be invalidated by the *ipse dixit* of the Pope. The Order in Council is supposed to clear up this and other mysteries. It certifies that unmixed marriages celebrated by English clergy, Presbyterian and Wesleyan divines, are lawful; that mixed marriages celebrated by ministers other than Roman Catholic are also lawful, and that marriages performed in good faith, with the sanction of the British Governor, but, for some reason, open to question, ought to be regularised by legislation. How such legislation is to originate, the Privy Council does not know. Nor are the oracles of the Judicial Committee sure that at some future time they may not have to reverse their judgment in favour of mixed marriages by divines who are not Roman Catholics. It follows that in such an event the marriages performed on the strength of this Order in Council would become invalid, and under the existing law there would be no redress. Moreover, it is not clear whether unmixed marriages celebrated by Baptist ministers would be recognised. On the whole, the Order in Council leaves the question in the same discreditable muddle which has so long perplexed the lawyers.

Major-General Sir William and Lady Butler have this week settled into their new quarters, Dover Castle. The first official act of the new Commander of the South-East District was to give a two-months' furlough to the West Yorkshire Regiment on its return from Ashanti. Sir William Butler has personal experience of the climate of Coomassie, for he was with the Wolseley expedition of 1873, and nearly died of fever on the way home.

Mr. Justice Mathew has sat on the Bench long enough to qualify for a pension. The fact is chronicled in the newspapers, but it need not lead anyone to suppose that the wittiest of the Judges has any desire or intention to retire. As a matter of fact, Sir James Mathew is in the prime of life, and as young in everything but years as his son-in-law, Mr. John Dillon. Moreover, he loves his profession, and he has never sought to shirk any of the hard work which a conscientious discharge of its duties undoubtedly entails. And the Bench would miss Sir James Mathew quite as much as Sir James Mathew would miss the Bench.

Lord Dunraven has been formally expelled from the New York Yacht Club. He declined, after all, to apologise for the statements which were found, upon inquiry, to have no basis in fact. This unfortunate attitude is condemned on both sides of the Atlantic, all the more because Lord Dunraven persists in reiterating surmises as if they were quite good enough without a particle of evidence.

It is the misfortune of Professors to come in contact with unintelligent policemen. Professor Sidgwick has had this experience. He suggested to a constable the propriety of helping to raise a fallen omnibus horse, and the constable sternly demanded his name and address. When he heard the Professor lived at Rugby, he said, "I don't believe there is no such place." Professor Sidgwick then made a complaint to the Chief Commissioner of Police, who treated it with indifference, and declined to accept the evidence of an independent witness. Nothing is left to the Professor but the reflection that, after all, the incident has broken the monotony of professorial labours.

The Sultan has failed to induce Mourad Bey to return to Constantinople. This is not surprising, seeing that Mourad had been sentenced to death for treason and contumacy. It was reported that the Sultan had solicited the French Government to expel Mourad Bey and other members of the Young Turkey party from France; but although the French are disposed to show complaisance to Abdul Hamid, they will not carry it to that length. It is needless to say that, although offered all manner of bribes by the Sultan, Mourad Bey finds the air of Paris more salubrious than that of Stamboul.

Senator Sherman, whose speech in the American Senate on the Cuban question has caused so great a commotion, is the brother of the famous Federal General of the Civil War. Mr. Sherman has long enjoyed the reputation of a cool, clear-headed politician, and his declaration of animosity against Spain has, therefore, much more weight than attaches to the warlike eloquence of many American politicians.

Gustave Claudin, who was in his day as well known in the world of Parisian journalism as Henri Rochefort or de Cassagnac, has just died at the age of seventy-eight. He was one of the few men of whose pen Napoleon III. was said to be afraid, and he was intimate with all the Liberal *littérateurs* and politicians of the Third Empire. He was a constant contributor to the *Presse*, the *Moniteur*, and the *Figaro*. After the Franco-German war he retired from active journalism, and gave himself up to the study of heraldry. His memoirs, which included anecdotal reminiscences of thirty years, are not lacking in interest.

Père Hyacinthe is known to many as a Catholic divine of great eloquence and somewhat eccentric views. It is announced that he has embraced the Coptic religion, and cynics in Paris suggest that he will end as a Buddhist.

From San Francisco a lady sends an account of the Chinese celebrations of their new year in that city in the middle of February. Taciturn themselves, they seem to delight in the deafening reports of fire-crackers at their festivities. All through their quarter of the city narcissus flowers are blooming in the windows—the only flowers they cultivate, though they love also great branches of fruit-trees in blossom. You see the grimmest of cobblers with the grimmest of boots, but a brilliant row of narcissus-blossoms on the ledge.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has just published the first number, for March, of a new monthly musical magazine entitled *Melody*, which, if it fulfils the promise of its inception, will be entitled to the praise and respect of all musicians. It opens with a singularly peaceful and sweet song by Gounod, in his best religious manner. The words, which are by no means unworthy of

the song, are by Mr. Clement Scott, and, at all events, provide a good and sufficient motive for Gounod's charming melody. M. Gabriel Fauré, who recently surprised musical London by the excellence of his compositions, contributes a delicious and graceful Barcarolle, divided into sections of melodies, each growing naturally from the other. Dr. Bridge, Tito Mattei, May Ostlere, and the late Goring Thomas also grace the pages of a magazine which deserves to be as popular as it is excellent.

The production on Monday, March 2, of "Shamus O'Brien," a new comic opera by Professor Villiers Stanford, at the Opéra Comique was a distinct and considerable success for all concerned. The music was charming and—let us say it with respect—unexpectedly humorous in the best sense. The score was irreproachable; it was clever, bright, and at the same time industrious. There was plenty of melody, abundant spirit, and a musicianly treatment throughout. The libretto was, indeed, feeble and pointless. Its one situation is so worn and battered that we can but wonder at the musical success which Mr. Stanford extracted from it. The company was excellent. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan acted with force and sincerity throughout as the outlaw Shamus, and Mr. O'Mara as the traitor and spy was no less impressively sincere. Miss Davies made an excellent Kitty O'Toole, and the remaining parts were all carefully and cleverly handled.

The terrible military disaster which the Italian army in Northern Abyssinia has suffered at Adowa on Sunday,

by its defeat at the hands of Menelek, King of Shoa, Negush or Emperor of the Abyssinian dominions, has caused extreme grief at Rome and Naples. It is not at all easy to comprehend the strategy of General Baratieri, who was supposed to have a total force of 65,000 men, Italians and natives,



GENERAL ARIMONDI,
Missing after the Battle of Adowa.

under his command, but who is said to have attacked the enemy's strong position with not more than 15,000, forming the several brigades of Generals (or Colonels acting as Brigadier-Generals) Albertone, Arimondi, Dabormida, and Ellena. The enemy is said to have numbered 100,000, not all of them armed with rifles, but fighting bravely under their divisional commanders. Albertone's brigade, by some unlucky accident or bad arrangement, was made to bear alone the first brunt of the battle to the extreme left, and was actually crushed before Arimondi, who occupied the centre of the line, could move to his support. It is feared that both those officers, and Dabormida also, perished in the slaughter when their army was totally routed.

PARLIAMENT.

The fate of Mr. Balfour's procedure resolution is certainly curious. It has been carried in the face of an opposition coming chiefly from the Conservative benches, and led by Mr. Bowles, whose reproaches to his old colleague in obstructive tactics, Mr. Hanbury, now a member of a Government which seeks to establish the "gag" and the "closure," have furnished not a little amusement. Mr. Balfour made some concessions. He agreed to make his resolution a Sessional, and not a Standing Order, and to allow twenty-three days, instead of twenty, to be taken for Supply in an emergency. But he found himself suddenly in a difficulty which the Government do not seem to have foreseen. On the twentieth or twenty-third day of Supply, if the votes are not passed, is the closure to be applied to the remainder *en bloc* or in sections? If *en bloc*, much money may be voted without any discussion; if in sections, the divisions may take an almost interminable time. Mr. Balfour declared that the remnant of the votes would have to be taken *en bloc*; but in deference to protests he agreed that a Committee might have to be appointed to determine the meaning of the resolution in this important respect. This places the Government and the House of Commons in a curious position, but it must be admitted that the difficulties in the way of the closure of public business are very great, though the necessity for closure is so manifest that the regular Opposition have offered no resistance. In setting the Naval Estimates before the House, Mr. Goschen laid great stress on the need of additions to the Navy. His proposals involved an extra expenditure of ten millions on ship-building alone, spread over three years. The general effect of this part of our naval policy is best understood from the figures which embrace the period between 1889 and 1899. In those ten years the increase of the Navy will have cost the country fifty-five millions sterling. Mr. Labouchere, in his capacity as guardian of the public purse, condemned Mr. Chamberlain for hastening to the financial aid of the island of Dominica. This colony, it seems, is in difficulties, largely owing to maladministration. Mr. Labouchere's principle is that while there is poverty in the United Kingdom we ought not to give money to colonists. If there is any point in this argument it is that the Government ought to spend the public revenues in extinguishing poverty at home—a piece of rank Socialism to which Mr. Labouchere could scarcely commit himself, though his peculiar logic points that way.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle was visited by the Duchess of Albany with Princess Alice of Albany; the Duchess of Albany stayed from Tuesday, Feb. 25, to Friday. The Prince of Wales came on Thursday and met his sister Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, to join her in receiving her son, Prince Christian Victor, upon his return from the Ashanti Expedition. The Queen on the same day received Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., the new President of the Royal Academy, with the Secretary, Mr. F. A. Eaton, and invested Sir John Millais with the gold medal and chain formerly worn by the late Lord Leighton. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Alice of Albany remained with the Queen at the Castle. Her Majesty on Friday invested Major-General C. T. Du Plat, C.B., Extra Equerry, with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath, and conferred a knighthood also upon Judge Alfred George Marten. On Monday the new Turkish Ambassador, Costaki Pasha, was presented to the Queen at Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, with Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg, have arrived from Germany and have visited her Majesty. A Levée was held by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty, at St. James's Palace on Thursday, March 5. The Queen goes to the Riviera on Monday, the 9th.

The Prince of Wales was at Brighton on Saturday, to lay the foundation-stone of a new building added to the Sussex County Hospital. On Monday the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, came from Sandringham to join his Royal Highness at Marlborough House. Prince Charles of Denmark, who is affianced to Princess Maud of Wales, having arrived at Dartmouth on Saturday in the Danish frigate *Fyen*, returning from the West Indies to Copenhagen, came to London, and was received as the guest of their Royal Highnesses.

The Duke of York on Saturday presided at the annual dinner of the Victoria Hospital for Children, at the Whitehall Rooms, accompanied by the Earl of Albemarle, the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord Chelsea, Mr. Alfred Farquhar, and other supporters of that charitable institution. On Feb. 26, when the Prince of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of York, visited the Shire Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, the Duchess of York presented the championship prizes. On the same day, at Marlborough House, the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts was presented by the Prince of Wales, as President, to Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell for his discoveries and improvements in metallurgy.

The Duke of Connaught on Thursday, Feb. 27, at Aldershot, inspected the troops returned from the Ashanti Expedition, and commended their conduct, alluding to the danger of service in that climate, which had caused the lamented death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. They arrived, the day before, in the hired transport *Coromandel*, at the Royal Albert Docks, London, where they were inspected by Lord Wolseley, accompanied by Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Redvers Buller, and Sir Francis Scott. Prince Christian Victor, who arrived with the troops, was met there by his father, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and his sister, Princess Victoria, with whom he went to Windsor.

Lord Rosebery spoke on Tuesday at the Eighty Club dinner at the Criterion Restaurant. He especially commented on the failure of Lord Salisbury's policy in Turkey. Speeches of a political character have been delivered by the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, at Lewes, on Feb. 26; the Right Hon. H. Asquith, at the Oxford Union; and Sir F. Lockwood, at the Cambridge Union; the Right Hon. John Morley, in Scotland, the Marquis of Granby, at Leicester, Sir William Hart Dyke and Lord Balfour of Burleigh. The judicial inquiry concerning the disputed election for St. George's in the East, Tower Hamlets, has been protracted to great length.

A meeting in favour of Anglo-American international arbitration was held on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, with Sir James Stanfield in the chair. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Mundella, Lady Henry Somerset, and Mr. Hall Caine were the chief speakers. Letters from Mr. Gladstone, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, expressing sympathy with the motive, were read to the meeting.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, on Feb. 27 presided at the Royal United Service Institution, at a lecture by Captain W. H. James, R.E., on the necessity of maintaining an Army, as well as a Navy, to preserve the British Empire. Lord Wolseley made some forcible observations to the same effect.

The action for libel brought against the editor and proprietors of the *Railway Times* by Sir Arthur Forwood, M.P., with regard to comments upon transactions of the

Costa Rica Railway and the Atlas Steam-ship Company, resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, with £100 damages.

Lord Dunraven's withdrawal from membership of the New York Yacht Club almost simultaneously with the vote of its members at New York that he should cease to belong to it, leaves the disputed matter of fact with regard to the *Defender* having sailed on Sept. 7 deeper in the water than was shown by her preceding measurement, an opinion doubtless entertained by his Lordship in good faith, but confessedly not capable of proof. He does not allege that Mr. Iselin and the other owners of the yacht were at all aware of her being in that condition. The Americans, however, complain of his having made unfounded charges and having since refused due reparation.

The Royal Commission of Inquiry upon agricultural depression has presented a report signed by the majority of its members, including Lord Cobham, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. Walter Long, recommending the relief of agricultural land from some of its fiscal burdens. The inequality and unfairness of the assessment of land-tax, the maximum rate of which is four shillings in the pound on the ratable value, and the high terms fixed for its redemption, at thirty-three or thirty-four years' purchase, are strongly dwelt upon; also the undue pressure of local rates on agricultural land. It is further suggested that Government loans for the outlay of capital in agricultural improvements should be granted upon easier terms and for longer periods.

A minority of the Commissioners, with Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Lord Rendel, and Sir R. Giffen, dissent from the

for ten days on a round of public official visits to the South of France. The President was entertained that day and on Sunday by the municipality of Lyons, and the Archbishop of Lyons presented an address from the clergy. M. Faure went on to Toulon and Cannes, where he had an interview with Mr. Gladstone.

The Sultan of Turkey has ventured to come out of his palace of Yildiz Kiosk to attend a solemn religious ceremony in one of the mosques at Stamboul, taking the precaution to have a thousand suspected persons, Turks and Armenians, in Constantinople, arrested on the day before, and kept in custody till the day after. He has shown a more conciliatory behaviour towards the foreign Ambassadors, and has talked with them of intended reforms. In his Asiatic provinces fifteen Armenian families at one village, and a number of refugees from Zeitoun, have recently been massacred by the Kurds.

The Senate and the House of Representatives (263 votes against 16) of the United States of America have, since Friday, Feb. 28, been discussing and substantially adopting a concurrent resolution, approved by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate on Feb. 5, calling upon the President to issue a proclamation in favour of the Cuban insurgents, to allow them rights as a belligerent power, and to offer his friendly offices with the Spanish Government in negotiations for procuring the independence of Cuba. The President can, if he thinks fit, decline to act upon this resolution.

Great offence has been taken in Spain at the course pursued by the two Houses of Congress in America, and at the speeches made in those assemblies. There have been riotous demonstrations against America in the cities of Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona, where the United States Consulate windows were smashed by the mob. The Spanish Government, while repressing these outbursts of popular resentment, is preparing to send additional military reinforcements to Cuba, with a naval squadron.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is preparing for his coronation as a reigning sovereign.

THE SALVATION ARMY DISSENSIONS IN NEW YORK.

The peculiar organisation known as "The Salvation Army" has established itself with some apparent permanence among the social and religious move-

ments of our time. Whatever exception may be taken to its methods, its far-reaching influence has to be reckoned with among latter-day religious factors. The success of the movement and the extension of its labours to various parts of the world have been the outcome of its absolute unity and concentration. The semi-military character of its organisation, centralised in the remarkable family of the Booths, under the supreme command of "General" Booth, has given to the "Army" this

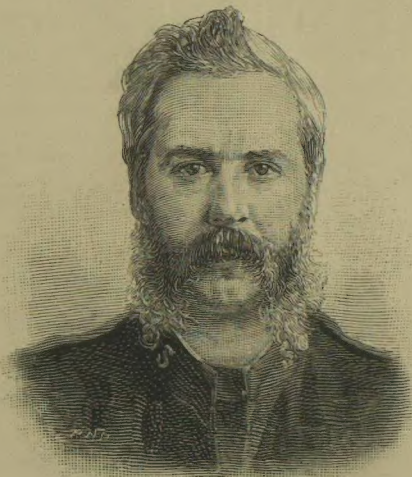
unity in which its strength has lain. Now, for the first time in the history of the society, this unity is threatened by internal dissension. Mr. Ballington Booth, one of the "General's" sons, who, with his wife, has been the chief director of the Army's work in America, and more immediately in New York, has refused to give up his command in accordance with the rule which moves the chief officers from one sphere of action to another at stated intervals, or at the discretion of the home authority, "General" Booth. After refusing to conform to the system of constant interchanges of command, Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth sent in their formal resignation of office, and a temporary Commander was appointed to take over their duties. The result has been a sort of miniature mutiny. Popular feeling ran high against the removal of Mr. Ballington Booth, and at first it seemed that the entire American section of the "Army" would desert the central authority and rally round the ex-Commander. Since the first outbreak of discontent, however, Miss Eva Booth, in temporary command, seems to have stemmed the tide of secession, at any rate in the case of the rank and file. Many wealthy and influential supporters of Mr. Ballington Booth have, however, announced their intention of seceding and forming an American Salvationist movement distinct from the general "Army." These "auxiliaries" are in many cases people of position in society, for the Salvation Army has met with much more support among the upper classes in the United States than in England, so that, if the breach is not closed, the necessary funds will not improbably be speedily forthcoming for the establishment of a new national "Army" with Mr. Ballington Booth at its head. In any case, the adjustment of the present difficulties will be watched with interest, since it must foreshadow the future destiny of a movement which has hitherto found its strength in the complete and harmonious concentration of its component forces.



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



MR. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH.
CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

"GENERAL" BOOTH.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS EVA BOOTH.

THE SALVATION ARMY DISSENSIONS IN NEW YORK.

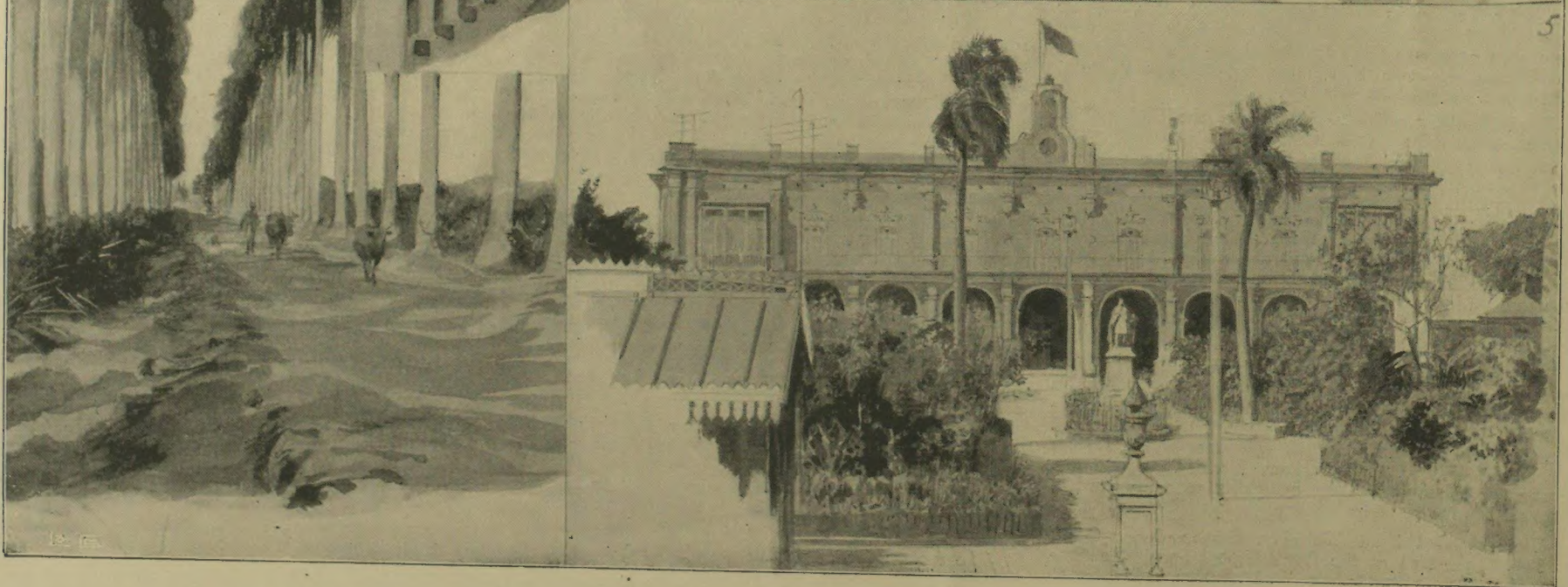
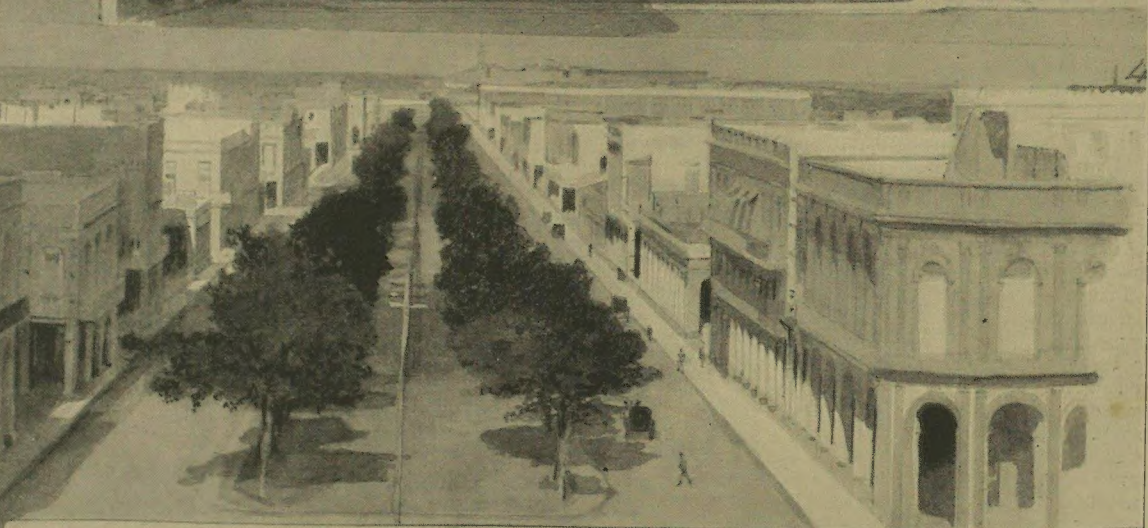
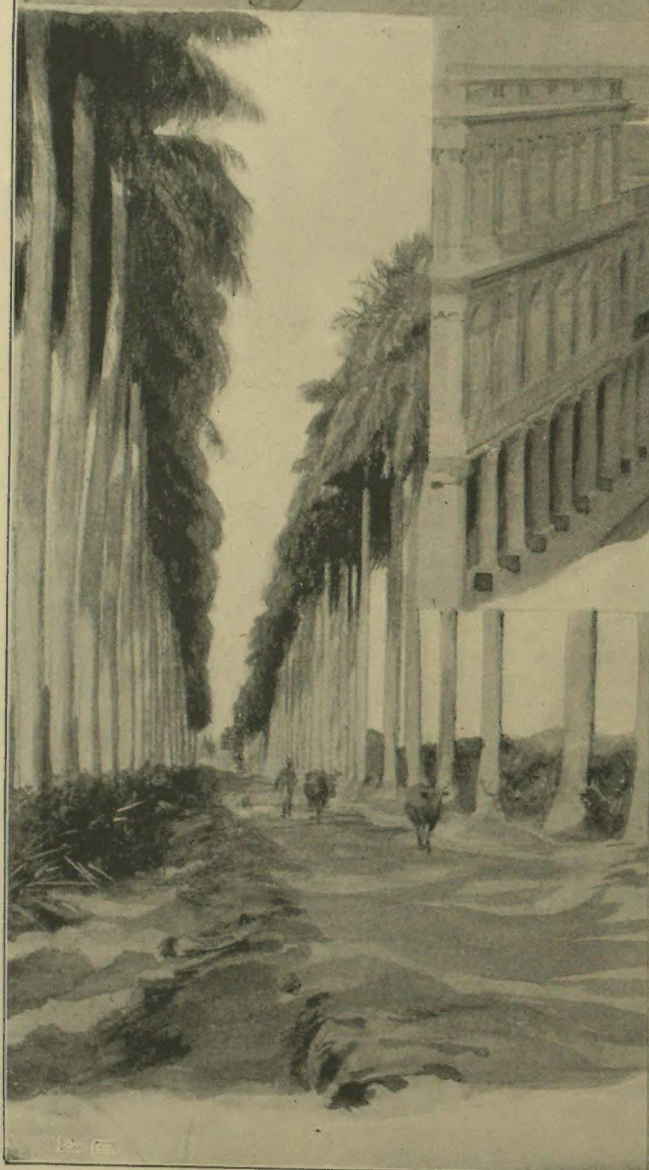
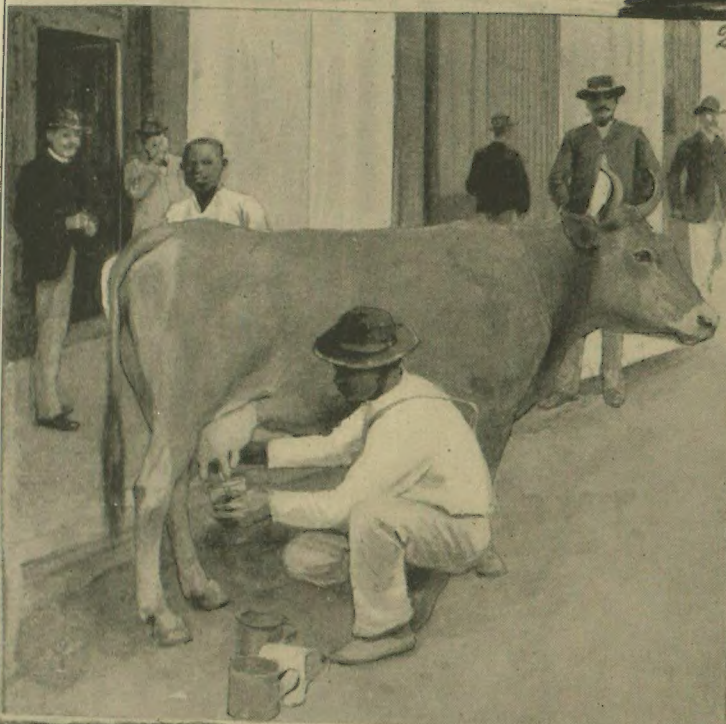
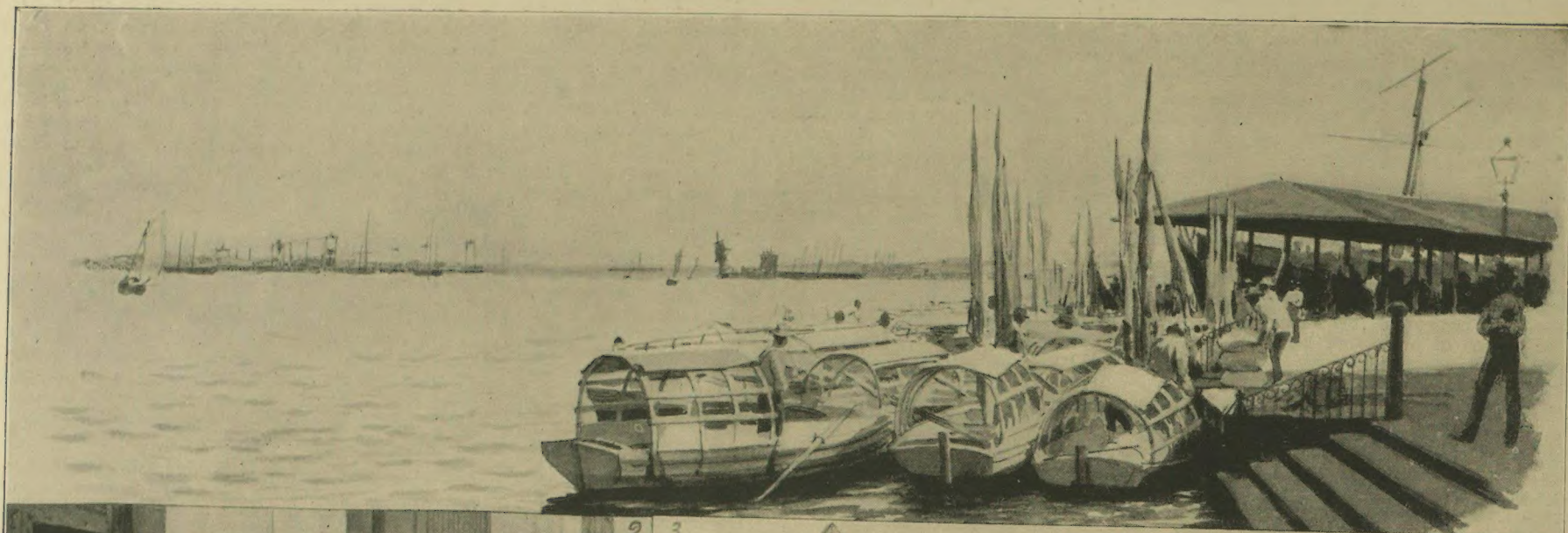
views of this report. They observe that agricultural depression has been most serious in the eastern and southern counties of England, from unfavourable seasons, since 1892, and from the low price of wheat, on which their system of cultivation mainly depends; also from the absence of small dairy farms. The burdens of tithe, land-tax, and local rates are much heavier in those counties than in the north and west of England. The tithe rent-charge ought not to exceed two-thirds, or even half of the annual value of the land. These Commissioners agree that the land-tax should be reduced, and that State assistance should be given to rural ratepayers in the eastern and southern counties.

At the Farmers' Club on Monday an account of the derelict farms of the Essex clay lands was read by Professor Long. It was stated that these might be worth occupying by men of capital and experience, if they could be made free from rent and tithe for two years. Government might aid the occupiers to purchase such land at £5 an acre. Altogether, in that part of the country, 30,000 or 40,000 acres had gone out of cultivation.

A memorial, numerous signed by the agriculturists of East Anglia, has been sent to the Prime Minister, asking for a protective duty on foreign barley, effective prevention of the adulteration of beer with any substitute for malt, and the compulsory use of labels to mark the distinction of foreign meat from British meat in the butchers' shops.

The motion for admitting women to degrees in the University of Oxford was rejected by the meeting of Congregation on Tuesday by 215 votes against 140. Meetings of members of the Cambridge University Senate, and other leading men of that University, have been discussing the question in an adverse tone.

M. Faure, the President of the French Republic, with M. Bourgeois, the Prime Minister, left Paris on Saturday

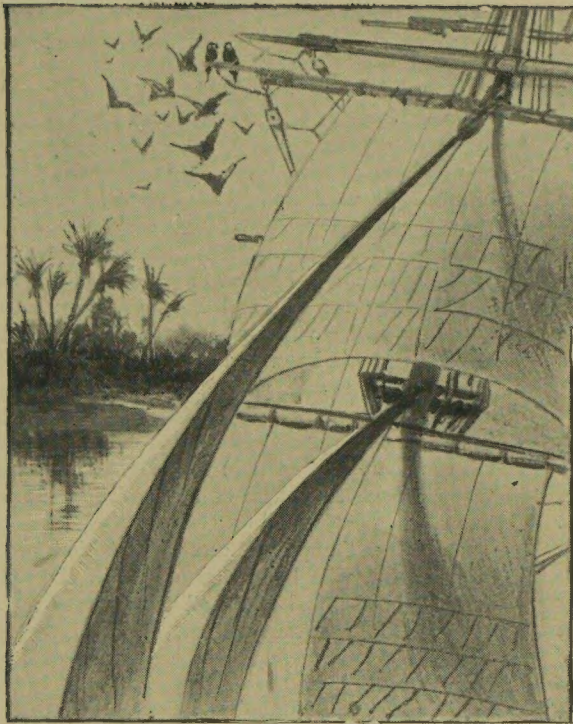


1. At a Landing-Stage.
2. Method of serving Milk.

3. The old Cathedral, where the Remains of Christopher Columbus are buried.

4. Panorama of the Prado.
5. Palace of the Captain-General.

6. Avenue of Palms.



A FIRST FLEET-FAMILY.

by Louis Becke.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures,
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew, of the Marines.

CHAPTER XXV.

A STILL GREATER AND VERY DARING BREACH OF THE REGULATIONS IS COMMITTED BY WILL BRYANT AND HIS GANG.

The news of the wonderful voyage made by Lieutenant Bligh in an open boat after he had been set adrift with some good men by his mutinous mate, Fletcher Christian, had reached our settlement by the ships of the second fleet, and I often pondered over it and thought it would be nothing to marvel at if some of our prisoners tried something of this nature. But I had no fear of Bryant. Happily married, and with two infant children, there was little fear that he would dare upon such a hazardous venture, though I did sometimes fear that some of his crew might steal a boat and make the attempt. It was with some thought of this in my mind that, when I returned to the guard-room on the evening of my talk with Mary Bryant, which was the twenty-eighth of March, 1791, I took particular notice that the keys of the locks on the boat moorings were hanging in the guard-room at ten o'clock when I turned in for the night.

I felt pretty easy in my mind, because our fishing-boats were very poor. The big boat was in use with the fishing gung at Botany Bay, and the two boats in Bryant's charge were much too small for venturing outside the heads in. One of them was a small ship's gig; the other was rather larger, pulled six oars, and was rigged cutter fashion. She had just been repaired by the fishermen and was in good order, but I thought it would be little short of madness, though the weather was at this season fine, to venture to sea in her.

The next morning at daybreak I was awakened by the cry of the sentry, "Guard, turn out!" Every man of us ran to the door, seizing our muskets on the way, and wondering what had happened.

"What is it, sentry?" said I, seeing nothing to call us for in the dim morning light.

"The boat, Sergeant," said he; "the big boat is gone!"

Sure enough she was gone.

"Broken away from her moorings and drifted to sea," said the corporal.

"Don't be a fool!" said I. "How could she get off the mud and break her chain? Fall in, and let us see how many prisoners are left, for that's what's the matter. Bryant's hut first; he may be able to help us."

And so we marched across to Bryant's hut, and knocked loudly at the door, but, to my great fear, got no answer to our knocking. Then, without ceremony, we opened the door and walked in, and the next moment I understood all that had happened.

There was no one in the place, and the clothes which usually hung on its walls were missing. The hut floor was boarded, and one of the boards was taken up, and lying beside a hole scooped in the earth, that 'twas plain had been used to conceal something in.

It was no use standing about looking at this, so I marched my men to the hut in which the unmarried prisoners were quartered, and found that the whole seven of them were gone. But, placed in one of the men's bunks, where it could not be easily seen unless strict search was made for it, was a big sheet of paper folded and addressed to Sarah Young. This woman was, I knew, a female prisoner that James Cox, one of Bryant's gang, was waiting for permission to marry, and so I seized the letter and made no scruple of reading it. This is what it said—

Dear Sarah,—Do you give over those vices that I have caught you at more than once, or you will come to a bad end. If you had been a different woman I should not have joined these mad men, or I would have taken you with me. We hope to reach Timor. We have a compass and a quadrant which Will Bryant got from you know who, and there are those among us who know how to use them. Good-bye. Your friend,
JAMES COX.

After reading this I traced the footmarks of the fugitives down to the boat's mooring post, where I found the chain was filed through, and scattered about were some four or five pounds of rice, which the fugitives had spilled in their hurry. The big seine was lying in its place, but one that Bryant had been making for use in the small boat, and which was a very handy net, was missing, and I now remembered that I had wondered why he had taken so long over the job.

The next thing to do was to report the matter, and so I sent a man post-haste to headquarters, and soon Lieutenant Fairfax came to the guard-house.

As soon as he saw me he beckoned me over to him, and said hurriedly in a low tone—

"You remember our talk the other day? Well, what you said was quite right, and I was wrong. For Heaven's sake be quiet about it. I am in no good odour with my superiors now, and there will be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot, if my carelessness comes to light."

"Have no fear, Sir," says I, "for you'll find that you can trust me, Sir. I have been in a scrape myself."

I couldn't help reminding him that once he had obliged me by holding his tongue, and now I was to oblige him, though 'twas mighty disrespectful.

"Good man, Dew," he answered, "and when we get out of this infernal settlement I'll settle down and lead a quiet country life with no regulations to break, and I'll buy you out, and you shall be my tenant as your father was my father's."

Then he said, so that the others could hear him, "I am afraid they will never catch them, because we have no boat to chase them with, and the chances are, by the time we get the big boat round from Botany Bay, they will be all at the bottom, or eaten by the sharks."

CHAPTER XXVI.

I AM HOMEWARD BOUND.

The news of the escape of the Bryants spread like wildfire among the people of the settlement, and many of the prisoners showed their excitement very plainly. At twelve o'clock Lieutenant Fairfax and myself were brought before the Governor to give our version of the matter.

His Excellency was greatly put about, but he could scarcely blame me or my men, although he wanted to know how it was the fugitives had got hold of stores and water without the guard knowing anything about it; and he also wanted to know who was the man referred to in James Cox's letter to the woman Young.

I said I could not tell, but that I suspected.

"Whom do you suspect?" asked the Governor.

"Mr. Smith, the master of the Dutch snow," I answered.

"Why do you think he helped them?"

Before I could answer, the Lieutenant broke in. Said he—

"As a matter of fact, Sir, Sergeant Dew reported to me that this man was seen talking a good deal to the Bryants, and I told him not to interfere; they were not to be molested while they behaved themselves."

"Oh, indeed," said the Governor, "that will do. Sergeant Dew, I don't think you or your men are to blame; you may go."

Then afterwards I heard that the Governor gave the Lieutenant a great talking to for taking things so easy, and by the way, said he—

"These are the persons you took so much interest in on the voyage out, are they not, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, Sir. But I hope you don't think I relaxed my duty on that account."

"We will say no more about it, Mr. Fairfax," said Captain Phillip, rising from his seat. "You will be leaving the settlement shortly, and no good can come of any fuss that is made now, and so I have nothing more to say."

And, so far, the matter ended; but my Lieutenant told me, a few evenings afterwards, the Governor sent for him again, and, producing a chart, showed Mr. Fairfax the course that these wretched people would most likely take, and although the Governor spoke very angrily of Bryant and the other men, he said to the Lieutenant that, for the sake of the poor woman and the tender children, he

would be pleased to hear that they had been picked up by some ship, or reached some haven of safety on the coast. That they could ever reach the East Indies was, of course, quite out of the question; and then the two fell to talking of the strange and wonderful voyage of Lieutenant Bligh, who had navigated his boat four thousand miles, from Otaheite to Conpang, without losing a man. Captain Phillip, it appeared, thought that the fugitives would soon see the folly of their attempting a similar voyage in such a wretched cockershell, and would run ashore somewhere on the coast near Port Jackson, and live hiding in the woods.

The time now began to hang heavily upon our hands, waiting for the *Gorgon* to take us home, and she was so long on the passage that we really began to entertain fears for her safety.

Up to the time of her arrival, which was on the twenty-first of September, nothing of great moment happened that I need record here, except that the natives were occasionally very troublesome, and the Governor tried all in his power to make friends with them, even going the length of capturing one or two of them, and trying to teach them civilised manners and customs.

The Marines, both officers and men, were offered a choice of becoming settlers in the country, and some of them were also asked to join the New South Wales Regiment. Mr. Fairfax would not think of this for a moment, and I was quite of his opinion, and was glad enough, I can tell you, to embark on the *Gorgon*, which we did on the tenth day of December 1791, and sailed away from Port Jackson on our voyage to England.

The third fleet had arrived in the previous month, bringing 1695 male and 168 female prisoners and another detachment of the new regiment, and we got away just in time to escape further suffering from short provisions.

My old commandant, Major Röss, and the headquarters company of our detachment, were also able to leave in the *Gorgon*, by the arrival of the transports bringing more troops.

And now I have told you all that concerned my stay in the settlement at Port Jackson, which all the folks on this side of the world will still insist upon calling Botany Bay.

You will learn, from what I have written, that although I had served over four years in the service, and had never seen a shot fired at the enemy—for the miserable savages and almost as unhappy prisoners could scarcely be counted as the King's enemies—yet I had risen to the rank of Sergeant by a steady attention to my duty, and perhaps deserved my three stripes quite as much as men who had been engaged in shooting down their fellow-creatures amid the stirring scenes of war that the ballad-mongers sing of.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I MEET WITH A GREAT SURPRISE AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, AND LIEUTENANT FAIRFAX LOSES HIS DIGNITY.

The *Gorgon* sailed out of Sydney Cove with a very strong, hot wind from the westward, and we soon settled down cheerfully enough to life on board the ship, for we knew that every day brought us nearer home. The ship was a very good sailer, and there was a vast difference between her and the old *Sirius*. On the *Sirius* every seaman swore at being sent to sea in such a tub, as they called her; but the sailors of the *Gorgon* were very proud of their ship, and certainly she was a very comfortable and fast craft.

Nothing of moment happened until we reached the Cape of Good Hope; but on the passage Mr. Fairfax, now that we were so soon to return to civilian life, grew every day more condescending towards me, and often talked with me over our strange adventures.

He had fully made up his mind to leave the Service when we got to England, and for my own part I was glad and thankful for the promise he had made me, that he would help to purchase my discharge as soon as he could come at his estate and set his affairs in order.

We more than once spoke of the foolhardy venture of the Bryants, never doubting that they had perished miserably; for what could eleven persons, two of them tender children and one a woman, ever hope to do towards reaching civilisation in such a frail craft as was their open boat?

I remember that one night when we were speaking of

this matter, one of the ship's officers joined us and told us that among his other adventures he had been cast away in a ship in the East Indies, and that he and the master and seven or eight of the crew had voyaged seven hundred miles in an open boat to the island of Ceylon, and that, though their boat had twice capsized, yet none of them lost their lives, although they suffered the very greatest agonies from thirst. His story made me remark to my Lieutenant that perhaps, after all, the Bryants might have gone a great distance before disaster overtook them; but the *Gorgon* officer said it would not be possible for such a small and overcrowded boat as we had described to live out even a moderate gale. And so the very faint hope that I had begun to cherish about Will and Mary died away altogether; for this officer was a very able and good officer, and had been forty-two years in King's ships.

We arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in March 1792, and soon completed taking in our stores, and were within twenty-four hours of getting under weigh, when a Dutch vessel entered the bay, and as soon as she saw our ensign, hoisted the private signal, and a boat was sent to her.

When the officer in charge returned, he brought with him the news that the Dutchman was a vessel chartered at Batavia by Captain Edwards of the *Pandora*, a King's ship.

The *Pandora* had been sent to Otaheite to search for the mutineers of the *Bounty*, and had secured some of them, and was proceeding on her way home, when she was wrecked, on August twenty-eighth, 1791, on a coral-reef off the north coast of New Holland. Eighty-nine of the *Pandora*'s crew and ten out of the fourteen mutineers were saved, and after a terrible boat voyage made their way to Timor, where they had arrived on September the fifteenth, 1791.

It now fell out that we were to convey these persons to England, and all our boats were got out to bring them on board.

When the boats ranged alongside with these poor people on board, I leant over the rail watching them, and thinking of the unfortunate Bryants. If Captain Bligh, whose sufferings I had heard of, had had such a terrible experience in his boat voyage; if Captain Edwards and his crew had suffered greater hardships than it is possible to describe in their journey in their boats, what chance had these poor, ignorant creatures—one of them a woman, and two tender infants—what chance had these of surviving such an undertaking?

It was with such thoughts that my mind was occupied when Mr. Fairfax tapped me on the shoulder and asked me of what I was thinking, and I told him.

I noticed that as he spoke to me he was strangely moved, and that his face flushed and then paled again, as if he were seized with a vertigo or fever; and, before I had got out my answer to his question, he interrupted me and gripped my arm very tightly.

"Dew, my lad, you do not know all. For God's sake, mah, look over the side of that boat now coming alongside, and see if you can recognise her."

He almost dragged me further along the deck to where we could get a better view of those who were in the boat; and looking down, I saw, but could scarcely recognise, the face of the woman who but a few moments before had been in my thoughts.

A Marine who stood on the foot of the landing-stage held out his hand to help her out of the boat; then I saw that the sadly altered, wasted, and feeble creature who stood up with trembling feet to step upon the *Gorgon*'s ladder was indeed Mary Bryant. With one hand she held, clasped to her breast, the little infant, the namesake of her former mistress.

With slow and laboured steps she toiled up to the gangway, assisted by the Marine, and when, in a dazed, melancholy way her great dark eyes, so full of suffering and pain, for a moment rested upon the ship's company, I felt a quick gush of tears to mine and turned away my head.

"God help the poor wench; 'tis cruel hard," said an old boatswain's mate beside me, and indeed from all sides there came a murmuring sympathy for the poor girl.

But Mr. Fairfax, forgetting rank and station and all else, rushed to the gangway, and, pushing aside the rough but honest hands of those who sought to help her, took Mary in his arms, child and all, and carried her to a hatchway; then, before she could realise this act of my patron's, and who it was whose heart was so big and noble as to leave naught else but tender pity, she fainted dead away; and then all the rough men who stood about her strove who should be the first to help the surgeon and Mr. Fairfax in their endeavours to restore her to life. And not a man among us all but respected the Lieutenant for that generous act of his, or spoke of it afterwards but as a proof of his noble manliness. Indeed, the old boatswain's mate, who had spoken so pityingly to me about Mary, turned to those about him, and with a very dreadful oath, for which, I am sure, he was pardoned by the Power above, said the soldier officer was a good sailor spoiled, and ought to be an Admiral.

I had no eyes nor thought of others but of Mary at this time, and stood like a fool, just stupidly looking on, as they chafed her hands and tried to restore the little life remaining in her. But when I had recovered my senses a

little, I learned that all that remained of the poor creatures who had escaped from the settlement were come on board; and here I will set down who they were: First, there was Mary and the infant Charlotte, and then James Martin, John Butcher, William Allan, and Nathaniel Lilley. These six were all the survivors of the eleven souls who had left Port Jackson a whole year before.

Mary, when she had recovered a little, was tenderly carried below, and Captain Parker of the *Gorgon*, good-hearted man, ordered that she should be well tended by the ship's surgeon, and placed in one of the officer's cabins at the after end of the ship, which was readily given up to her.

No words of mine can describe the alteration that I saw in her, and even the four strong men were so different, and had grown so old and worn with hardships, that I scarcely knew them again, and their dreadful appearance, felons though they were, filled me with the strongest emotions of pity.

And so, in a few hours after this we were once more under weigh, bound for England, and down below, on the lower deck, lay the poor prisoners. Alas! I thought, what will our arrival in England mean to them?

But Mr. Fairfax bestirred himself and everyone on board to do the best that could be done for these unhappy creatures, and as the days at sea went by, bit by bit he got from Mary a history of the terrible adventure she had passed through, and it was all written out, to present as a petition to the authorities for her forgiveness. And so the history of this ever-memorable voyage was set down in full by my Lieutenant, in Mary's own words, as nearly as could be done, save where the prisoner Butcher, whom he afterwards saw very often in Newgate, supplied particulars of the places they had touched at, and some other matters of which poor Mary had no knowledge; and in this form I here relate it; and in no book or printed paper whatsoever has this complete and truthful account ever before been set down; therefore, preserve it, so that your children and their children may read the particulars of this memorable voyage. And I trust that God in His mercy, should any of you venture in foreign lands, may preserve you from such awful dangers that befell Mary and her unhappy companions in misery.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARY BEGINS HER STORY.

It was I, and I alone, who brought this dreadful suffering upon us; and I pray that He who knows our weak human nature will forgive and pardon me for sacrificing, by my mad and insensate folly, the lives of those unhappy men and my innocent child.

My husband had grown contented with our lot, and by his good and steady conduct and industry had won not only the confidence and good opinion of Captain Phillip, but that of all the officers of the settlement.

Though 'tis nearly five weary years ago since the day that he and I, with our vile and hardened companions, were landed on the shores of Port Jackson, and we met for the first time after long months of severance, yet as long as God gives me life I shall never forget the soft, tender light in his brave blue eyes when he sprang to my side, and, amid the jeers and foul and mocking jests of the abandoned felons who surrounded us, took my hands in his and pressed his lips to mine.

"Mary, Mary, my own brave girl!" he said, and I felt his great, strong chest beat and throb as he pressed me to his heart; "may God help me to be a good husband to you!" And then, soon after, came our marriage, so strange a marriage as it was. Not as I had once thought of it, when Will had first told me he loved me as we sat in a little nook on Solcombe Cliffs two years before; for he had promised me that after he had run but one cargo more he would give up smuggling, and then come to the Manor House and claim me for his wife. "And, Mary," said he, "because you have stuck to me and believed in me when the old women have croaked and sought to make mischief between us, I will show them such a wedding when we are married that it won't easily be forgotten by Solcombe folks, or, indeed, anywhere on the island."

But that was but a foolish lover's dream. You know all that happened since then and since the day I tried to help Will escape from Winchester Jail. I have tried to forget all those long, long months of misery, all the agonies of my life on board the transport among the reckless and sin-hardened women whom one shuddered even to hear speak, and I did forget it all the day when I laid my face upon his bosom in a strange land, and wept as would a child when it seeks its parent's arms with the joy of knowing its sorrows are over.

And so there we were married. Little sound of bells was there, as there would have been in Solcombe Church; only the clank of manacled felons and the harsh words of command of the soldier officers as, the ceremony over, we were marched away to our quarters to begin our lives as convicted criminals.

The heavy tide of suffering that has swept over me and mine since the first year or two of our married life has taught me many a bitter lesson; and though our lot was then hard and cruel, and my heart was nigh to burst with the shame and indignities that befell us, yet would I

endure them all again a thousand times over, for I, who suffered least, made Will's lot the harder to bear by my bitter repining and fierce temper. Not that I repined or was grieved that I had followed so far the man I loved; but I soon began to hate with a bitter and deadly hatred our vile and horrible surroundings, and the sight of the red-coated Marines, who stood guard over Will and his fellow-prisoners from dawn till dark, as they toiled on those wild and savage shores, made my heart ache, and I sometimes felt as if I could have torn the musket from a sentry's grasp and, with Will by my side, flee into the woods or die in the attempt to regain our freedom.

But Will, brave-hearted Will, toiled steadily on, tenderly caring for me, and lightening, by his cheerful words and talk of a yet happy future, my dulled, repining heart, though he, I knew full well, suffered more than I.

Month after month passed, and day after day came the same ceaseless round of toil for Will; for although, by reason of his willingness to work and his great strength, he had become a favoured man with the Marine officers, yet he was given his full share of toil, and, indeed, somewhat more.

By and by, though, it came about that one of the Marine officers, who had known Will in the old, happy days at Solcombe, and who had ever proved a friend to him, spoke to the Governor about him, and told how that he was both a good boatman and a skilled fisherman; and Captain Phillip, like the good, kind-hearted gentleman he is, promised he would see to the matter and put Will to something better than hewing stone, which was then his work. In a few weeks the Governor kept his promise, and Will was given charge of a fishing-boat, and ordered to live just across the ridge from Sydney Cove, where there was another small bay. Here we, with a few other prisoners, made the fishing station, and being away from the main body of prisoners, we had the whole bay to ourselves, and were interfered with by no one, not even the guard of Marines, who were posted between us and the rest of the settlement.

For a long while matters went on well with us. To please my dear husband I had curbed my tongue and temper, and so I, too, became somewhat of a favourite with Will's superiors, and learned the folly and harm of giving way to any outbursts of temper when some one of the officers would talk to either Will or I in a way that only the free man dare talk to a felon.

We had been quite a long time living at the Farm Cove, and my second child was about six months old, when a great dearth of food afflicted us all, prisoners and free men alike, at the settlement. The country itself yielded us nothing; no food came from England as Captain Phillip had expected, and before long we soon felt what the actual pangs of hunger meant. Up till this time we had always had at least enough food, hard and coarse as it was; and after the Governor had placed us all on short rations, Will and his men would sometimes manage to hide a few small fish in the bosoms of their shirts for my children. But by and by not even this much did they dare do, for the moment the boat touched the shore their take was carefully examined and counted by some of the Marines detailed for the duty. Day by day matters grew worse, and the small ration of flour and pork served out to us had to be still further reduced; and then I had the misery of hearing my eldest child, my boy Emanuel, wail and cry for more food. Of course both Will and I stinted ourselves so that our children might have their fill, but yet the food itself was so coarse and poor that naught but the pangs of hunger would have made the poor infants cry for it. And then, in despair at the sight of their pinched and wan faces, I determined to cast about and seek food for them myself.

Although Will and I did receive more consideration from our jailers than any others of those prisoners who made up the fishing settlement, we had, in common with them, to be within doors at sunset. Now I knew that all along the muddy shores of the Farm Cove there lay buried in the mud great numbers of cockles, and I had seen Nathaniel Lilley and James Cox, two of Will's gang, bring a basketful of them ashore one day and roast them on a fire which had been kindled on the beach to boil a pot of pitch. Coarse and ill-flavoured as these things were, they were yet good enough for hungry people, and so it was that every night one of Will's gang would steal down to the shore when the tide was served, and, groping in the mud with his bare hands and feet, secure enough for me to boil late at night over a small fire. But this had to be done with great caution; for so scarce had food now become that had it leaked out that these cockles were so handy to the settlement, they would have soon been all taken; besides this, we who took them would have been punished for stealing.

One night, however, one of the Marines of the guard-house near our little settlement saw someone moving about in the darkness, and challenged and fired, and the man, who had nearly filled his basket with cockles, dropped and fled in affright to his quarters, and then came and told Will and I of what had happened.

Much against my husband's wish, I set out, and, after some search, found the bag and carried it to our hut, but we dared not kindle a fire that night, for fear that the guard might discover it. However, after that, as the men were frightened, I always went, and by this means was

enabled to eke out our scanty supply of rations and give more of the flour to the children, who, poor things, needed it sadly.

As I was returning home to our hut one evening, wet and cold, carrying a small bag half filled with these shell-fish, I heard a step behind me, and then a man came up to me and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Good evening to you, Mistress Bryant," said he with a laugh that at once angered me. "I watched your doings down at the shore, and as I am struck with your pretty face, I made up my mind to wait for you as you came back."

Now, this man had been one of the officers of the transport which had brought me to the settlement, and during the passage he had continually thrust himself forward upon me, though it was but short and bitter speech I ever gave him. He had been given an appointment on shore by Captain Phillip, and though I did not often see him, yet whenever I did, he would always contrive to say something to me that, had Will heard it, he would have fared badly for it, not only from Will, but from the Governor as well.

I turned and faced him, and asked him how he dared to stop me.

"Dare, my dear? I will dare much for such a face as yours," and he made towards me.

"Touch me at your peril, Mr. —, King's officer though you be, and I will call the Sergeant of the guard," and I struck back his hand with my pronged shell-fish stick.

This roused his evil nature, for then he told me, with a snarl, that he knew all about our stealing the shell-fish at night, and that he would report it and have us flogged. So then, in great terror, I begged his mercy, and asked him to consider my feelings as a mother, for it was only because my children were starving that I was taking the shell-fish from the cove. Finally, he let me go, but only on the condition that I would meet him at some future time. "Otherwise," said he, "I will spoil these shell-fish suppers of yours, Mistress Bryant."

I was so terrified at the harm that this man might do us, that I ran all the rest of the way to our hut, and flinging down the bag of shell-fish at Will's feet, burst into tears. And then I told him of my adventure.

It was from that night that I first conceived the idea of urging my poor Will to better our condition by escaping from the settlement altogether.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BEGINNING OF A STRANGE AND HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE.

The awfulness of our situation, and the life to which we were bringing up our dearly loved children, became daily more apparent, and so this idea of mine about escaping took such possession of me that I gave my husband no peace. At first he opposed all my arguments, and declared he would not betray the trust reposed in him, but my sinful obstinacy prevailed in the end, and dearly have I paid for my wickedness.

For a long time the lack of opportunity prevented us from forming any plan of escape, but after a time chance threw in our way so many opportunities that it was scarcely wonderful that we took advantage of them.

First it came about that John Butcher was sent to the Farm Cove. He was a prisoner who came out in the second fleet, and was a man who had been to sea and learned the art of navigating, and when I heard that he had this knowledge, I told Will that he must engage him to go with us in the boat and guide us to some country where we might earn our bread without fear of discovery, but on no account to let the others suspect our intention lest they should betray us.

Then the Dutch ship came round to the cove, and the master of her, a Mr. Smith, took it into his head to show a partiality towards me, and this silly vanity of his I resolved to turn to the account of us all. And so it was that I encouraged him, with such arts as women understand, to believe that he had won my heart, and that for his sake I could be false to my dear, dead husband and my children. I told him many dreadful lies, and at last got him to believe that if it were possible to supply my husband with the means of escape, Will would gladly leave me to my fate, and then I could safely grant all that the Dutchman asked.

The vain fool believed my words, and actually gave me, by degrees, a good lug-sail, a compass, and a quadrant, with a chart and other books such as Butcher required to steer us to Timor, which was the name of the country we had decided to try and reach. To show what a dishonest rogue the fellow was, we found that the two books he gave us did not belong to him at all, but to Captain Hunter of the *Sirius*, who was going home in the Dutchman's ship. I suppose he had stolen them from Captain Hunter's cabin, for both books had that gentleman's name written on them.

We hid these things under the boards in our hut, and then we began to collect provisions.

Just about this time a new Sergeant of Marines was given the charge of the guard-house at our cove, and he noticed Smith talking to me and ordered me not to talk to

him because it was against the regulations. I had known this soldier, whose name was Dew, in former times, and I think he was stricter with us on that account, for he was a good man and stern soldier, and I fancy that because he was once my friend he was all the more sensible that friendship must not stand before his duty. But for all his strictness I contrived to get from Smith many useful things, besides a bag full of provisions.

The other prisoners, however, had got scent of our intentions, and, although my husband feared to overcrowd the boat and dreaded to take them with us, for some of them were very desperate men, at last, our plot having become known to them, we had to agree that they should accompany us. One of these men was anxious to take with him a woman to whom he was to have been married, but the Sergeant had become very suspicious of our movements, and so my husband, who was the finest and strongest man of the party and was chosen leader of it, hastened our departure, and we left one night suddenly.

We had collected from the Dutchman, and by saving out of our scanty rations, 100 lb. of rice, 112 lb. of flour, 14 lb. of pork, and ten gallons of water.

At half-past ten on the night of March the twenty-eighth, it being fine and the wind fair, we filed through the chain by which the boat was fastened, and, loading her almost to the water's edge with the stores, we all crept into her and pushed silently away, keeping close in along the southern shore and rowing very gently with muffled oars. Just as we rounded a rocky point on the eastern side of the Farm Cove the boat ran into a floating bush or tree, and in freeing it a branch broke off and fell upon the face of the babe at my breast. It awoke with a loud, wailing cry of terror, and the night being so still and fine we were seized with a great terror that the sound might have reached someone on shore.

We lay perfectly still for some minutes and then began rowing again, keeping well on the southern side of the small rocky island called Pinch Gut. The wind was directly astern of us, and there being no ships lying at anchor so far down from Sydney Cove from which we could be discerned, Will and Butcher stepped the mast and hoisted the sail and guyed out the boom, so that the others could keep on rowing.

In another half an hour or so we were close to the entrance of Port Jackson, and my heart gave a bound when I looked ahead and saw the black expanse of open sea lying before us. We now felt the roll of the sea, and the oars were taken inboard, and we stood out between the black shadows of the headlands into the open ocean. At this moment Nathaniel Lilley, a noisy, excitable man, stood up, and, flinging his cap overboard, cried out—

"Hurrah for liberty and Timor!"

"Silence, you dog," said Will fiercely, and he struck him in the mouth with such violence that the man was nearly sent overboard.

And so began this strange and hazardous enterprise, begotten of my folly and wickedness, and of my husband's love for me. When the day broke we were many miles away from what had been my home for three unhappy years, and my youngest child still slumbered on my bosom.

CHAPTER XXX.

A JOURNEY ALONG THE SHORES OF NEW HOLLAND.

The chart given to me by the captain of the Dutch snow is before you, and on it you will see the weary leagues we journeyed, with here and there our stopping places marked by a cross. Many and many a time, when we had run into some place of refuge on the coast, to rest our cramped and wearied limbs, and had made us a rude shelter of boughs to protect us from the burning rays of the sun, Will and Butcher, and, indeed, every one of us, would so pore and study over it, that in time we knew every line and mark and name traced upon it, and watched with great concern every fresh line pencilled upon it by our navigator.

Our boat was so small and so deeply laden that as soon as daylight broke on the memorable morning that followed our escape, and the breeze strengthened a little, the water began to dash over us on all sides, and we had to take to constant bailing to keep from foundering. At about ten o'clock we brought to under the shelter of a small high island, and made shift to effect a better disposition of the many things with which the boat was lumbered up. Butcher and some of the others wished us to land on a little beach on the lee side of the island, so that we might take out the mast and alter the sail in some way, but Will, to whom the others looked for guidance, refused, as he thought it not unlikely we might be pursued. So, without further delay, we sailed out again, and all that day continued to make good progress, even though the boat was so heavily laden and cumbersome.

At daylight next morning we were close to the entrance of a harbour, which Butcher said he thought was Port Stephens, and as we were all now suffering from the great heat, Will determined that we should put in there and rest for a day; but after we had rounded a high, conical headland, we found that there was such a great swell rolling in, and so strong a current sweeping out, that we could make no headway against it with the oars; so we had to turn back, and hoisting our sail again, kept on our way northwards. After sailing for some ten or eleven leagues, we saw the

entrance of another harbour, and this we succeeded in reaching safely. Here we grounded the boat on a white sandy beach, and Will carried myself and Emanuel and my little Charlotte out of the boat, and made us shelter under the trees, for we were all but perished of weakness, and my boy cried continually from the pain of his hands, which the cruel sun had burnt to a deep red.

We remained at this place for five days, and I thanked God for His providence in bringing us there, for Morton and John Simms, in searching the rocks for shell-fish, found not only these, but many score of great lobsters, which made us a bountiful repast, though one of our party, William Allen, was like to have died from gorging himself too heavily.

When night came on we kindled a great fire, and while the rest of us slept two kept watch, for fear of the Indians; and, indeed, it was well they did so, for when it became light we heard the sound of voices in the woods, and look about us discovered four naked savages standing on a hill near by. They carried spears in their hands, and then, after making threatening gestures to us, disappeared down the other side. This made us very careful during the rest of our stay, and we removed to another sleeping place further away from the woods, so as not to be surprised and cut off in the night. Our boat, too, was always loaded up in readiness for us to fly the moment it was necessary, and sometimes, when we saw the black figures of the Indians moving about on the opposite shore, I would take my two children and go into the boat, which lay afloat at anchor in shallow water. All the first two days of our stay the men caught a great store of crayfish, and we used to cut off the tail part, which is full of good meat, and splitting them open, laid them upon a rough framework to dry in the sun. On the fifth day we found we had nearly two hundred pounds' weight of this meat, and it was carefully tied up tightly and placed on board with our other stores.

We left this place with lighter hearts for our perilous venture, and scarcely had the boat got away more than a stone's-throw from the shore when we saw some score of naked Indians rush down from the woods and examine our camp. Some of them threw their javelins at us, but these failed to reach us. We called this place Port Bountiful, although on our chart it was called Port Stephen, which Butcher said was wrong, for that place was ten leagues to the south.

We kept at sea for the next six days, only landing twice, to stretch our stiffened limbs and replenish our stock of water, for although, since we had left Port Bountiful, it rained almost unceasingly, we had no means of catching the water. I think it was this constant exposure of their thinly-clad bodies that sowed the seeds of disease in those most precious to me, and then, besides this, it much injured our poor store of provisions.

On the seventh day we came to a place where there was a wide river entrance, on one side of which was a sandy beach of great extent, and on the other, hilly, well-grassed headlands. We sought to enter this river, but perceived that the surf broke across the entrance, and we all but capsized before we could turn the boat round and make seawards again. The prospect of going, perhaps, a great distance further north before we could find another place of refuge, greatly disheartened Will and all of us; and then, to add to our troubles, the wind suddenly turned to the north-east, and a tumultuous sea quickly rose. Almost in despair as to what we should do—for the coast to the southward was very rocky and dangerous-looking, with no sheltered beaches—we fortunately perceived; on the southern shore of the entrance to this river, a little indentation under a high conical hill. With great skill and caution Will and Butcher succeeded in wearing the boat round, although at the imminent risk of our lives, and hoisting a foot or two of the sail, we ran swiftly into the little cove and beached the boat. In quite a short time the wind increased to a gale, and we thanked God for our escape, for our boat could not have lived a minute in such a furious sea that now swept in in thundering rollers upon the coast.

Above the place where we had landed was a well-grassed and lightly wooded country, and as there were no signs of Indians visible, Will and his men hauled up the boat out of reach of the furious seas, and we proceeded to choose a resting-place on the flat ground above; for Butcher said that this north-easterly gale would last three days, and so it proved. We made a rough protection against the fury of the wind, and that night we all slept well save my poor boy, who seemed to ail more and more every day. The following day we turned our boat over and paid her seams with tallow made from the fat of our pork rations, and having dried our clothing, I made a comfortable resting-place under the boat for my infants, and sat beside them on the outside, while Will and the others sought for lobsters on the rocks, but found none, for the surf was still too heavy to discern anything in the rocky pools.

The next day the wind began to moderate, but the sea was still very mountainous, and so we were in no hurry to leave; besides this, my boy Emanuel was ill of a cough that shook his poor little frame greatly, though he never complained. Strange to say, though, my baby began to show signs of better health, and would laugh and crow when

Will smiled or spoke to her. In the forenoon Morton, Lilley, Allen, and James Cox set out along the southern shore of the river to look at the country, but they found, after going a mile or so, that it turned northward and that the water was salt. However, they discovered that a fresh-water river with a reedy margin ran into it just where it branched off, and among these reeds they found a great many nests of wild duck, in which were eggs. These they brought back with them, and we made a very good meal, though it went to my heart to see that my poor boy ate but a morsel. Morton told me he had seen a flock of ducks swimming about on the river, and I thought that we might, perhaps, snare one and make some strengthening broth for the child; but Will said it could not be done, and so I could do naught but pray that the child might be spared to us. This place, we found, was not marked on our chart, but it was said by Butcher to be in $31\frac{1}{2}$ deg. of southern latitude.

We would have stayed here a day or so longer but that on the evening of the third day we saw many savages

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Of 670 members of the House of Commons, three-fifths are members of the Church of England. There are 34 Presbyterians, 31 Methodists, 23 Congregationalists, 3 Baptists, 6 Quakers, and 11 Unitarians.

The Bristol Bishopric Fund is now all but completed, less than two thousand pounds having still to be raised.

Among those who will lecture at the Summer School of Theology at Durham are Bishop Westcott, Dr. Gibson, the Vicar of Leeds, Dr. Sanday, the Rev. T. B. Strong, and Dr. Robertson. Arrangements will be made for visits to places of interest in the neighbourhood.

The Rev. G. H. Tremenheere has been appointed successor to Father Dolling at Winchester. The third altar is to be removed; but Mr. Tremenheere has asked the Communicants' League to give him their opinion upon three proposals—first, should the altar once a week be placed before the high altar, and there used for the

taken down in shorthand. "Shorthand-writing was much practised in those days. It was a profession by itself as it is now. And the speech of St. Stephen—with its very mistakes in detail; with all the impression it makes on us of a speech made under great pressure, in a hurry, would appear to be the most accurate possible representation of what St. Stephen actually said."

The Education Bill of the Government is not likely to be seen till after the Easter recess. Great pressure is being brought to bear on the Government from both sides, and it may pretty safely be guessed that some points still remain to be decided.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has arranged with the Bishop of Stepney to write a penny Church history to meet the large popular demand, and to be in keeping with the results of scholarly criticism. The work is now in hand, and will be published by the S.P.C.K. The Bishop of Stepney has been preaching very strong sermons against divorce.



CONSTANTINE (Mr. Forbes-Robertson). MILITZA (Mrs. Patrick Campbell).

MILITZA: I bring you these, my lord, seeing you sad,
And having nothing else to comfort you.
Flowers help my sorrow, so I bring you flowers.—Act iv. Scene 1.

CONSTANTINE: My father, here and now, would have betrayed
His country and his faith. I killed my father,
Judge me, God!—Act iii.

"FOR THE CROWN," THE NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, ADAPTED BY MR. JOHN DAVIDSON FROM "THE FRENCH OF M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

See "The Playhouses."

walking along a sandy spit on the northern side of the river, and feared to stay lest we might be surprised with the boat out of the water. Therefore, at sunset, we once more put to sea, and the wind now being from the east and south, we were able to sail clear of the long, sandy beach which lay on our left hand. All that night, however, it rained in squalls, and we were drenched and shivering when the sun rose.

(To be continued.)

Mr. John Layton has been elected Chairman of the West Ham Park Committee of the Corporation of London. Mr. Layton's accession to office completes the list of Corporate Chairmen for the ensuing year.

The claim brought by the Tower Subway Company against the City Corporation for the payment of £30,000 as compensation for the diminution of its receipts by the opening of the Tower Bridge was some time since referred to arbitration, and has now been fixed at the considerably smaller sum of £11,500. The Corporation, by the way, has promised to give one hundred guineas to be distributed in prizes, open to the competition of the Colonial and Indian Volunteers at Bisley.

celebration of Mass? Or should it be relegated to the apse of the Lady Chapel, and thus replace the altar upon that spot? Or should the top slab be removed, and the altar used as a reading-desk? In any case, Mr. Tremenheere undertakes that the Calvary and the tablets containing the names of the faithful departed, which at present surmount the altar, should remain upon the walls.

The appointment of Bishop Alexander to the Primacy of all Ireland has been received with universal approbation. Dr. Chadwick will make a very suitable successor to the eloquent Bishop. The Church of Ireland is to be very much congratulated on the broad and generous temper in which these appointments have been made. They will undoubtedly strengthen the Church alike in Ireland and outside of it.

Canon Gore is not in robust health, and is obliged to limit his preaching. He has issued a little work entitled "The Creed of the Christian," containing papers reprinted from *Goodwill*. In the title he is designated "Charles Gore, M.A., of the Community of the Resurrection, Canon of Westminster, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford."

Canon Gore, in the first of his Lent lectures, expressed the opinion that the speech of St. Stephen in the Acts was

The Rev. J. S. Blake, Rural Dean of Portsmouth, opened a bazaar at Southsea in aid of the Christ Church debt fund. Christ Church is a large and handsome building belonging to the Congregationalists, and the congregation numbers persons of considerable wealth and of some local importance.

The annual meeting of the Clergy Orphan Corporation was held last week at the Church House, Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding over a large gathering of ecclesiastics and laymen. The report of the committee recorded a most satisfactory year's progress in the scholastic work of the Corporation. The income from voluntary contributions during 1895 amounted to £7507, a total exceeding the income from similar sources during the previous year by £806. The special donations of the year reached the sum of £800, and the list of annual subscriptions showed an increase of £220.

The income of the S.P.G. for last year is £118,258 10s. 9d., about £4000 less than last year. The decrease is altogether in legacies, which have come down about £6000. There is an increase in voluntary contributions of about £2500.—V.



THE TAXIDERMIST.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The Lives of Doctor John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Robert Sanderson. By Izaak Walton. One volume. (Methuen and Co.)—Izaak Walton's Lives form the new volume of its publishers' series of "English Classics," edited by Mr. W. E. Henley. In popularity, as in merit, the good Izaak's modest biographies are not very far short of the "Compleat Angler," and are certainly to be reckoned among English classics. This nice reprint of them is not annotated, though for the instruction of modern readers the Lives stand in need of a good deal of annotation. Such mistakes, pardonable in Izaak, as "Andrew Melvin" for "Andrew Melville," John Knox's successor, are left uncorrected; so is the statement (p. 60) that Sir Robert Wotton, who lived in the reign of Edward IV., was born "about 1640." On the other hand, Mr. Henley has secured for the volume an admirable introduction by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, in which are pointed out, with sympathy but with discrimination, the peculiar excellences of Izaak Walton as a biographer, and an estimate is given of the comparative merits of the biographies. In the geniality and acuteness of his discernment Mr. Blackburn sometimes calls to mind Mr. Augustine Birrell's delightful criticisms on books and their writers.

Professor Blackie: His Sayings and Doings. (James Clarke and Co.)—The professor is not popular as a rule. John Stuart Blackie was an exception. He appealed essentially to the man in the street, and it is to the man in the street that Mr. H. A. Kennedy has addressed the biography of his uncle. For others Miss Stoddart's exhaustive book on Blackie will be agreeable reading; but Mr. Kennedy appeals to that larger audience with whom Blackie had such close sympathies. The story is well told, and the numerous curious odds and ends of the Scot's career afford glimpses of him that would have been out of place in a more stately memoir.

The Story of the Solar System: Simply Told for General Readers. By G. F. Chambers. (George Newnes.)—The author is a veteran student of astronomy, and has written two big volumes about it. But big books are easier to write than little ones, because in these latter crispness, clearness, and right proportion are essential. These qualities are wholly lacking in the "story" which Mr. Chambers tells. His statements are correct enough, but his sub-title is a misnomer. The general reader will not master the technical style, and he will properly resent the intrusion of controverted questions—as e.g., the nature of sun-spots, comets, and so forth.

Tan-Ho: A Tale of Travel and Adventure. By S. T. Crook. (Burns and Oates.)—This book is what the old writers would call a gallimaufry. A millionaire uncle of Trisco is visited by his nephew, Eric, Count de Chumy, who is on a tour round the world. Then enters a Baron, whose son was stolen in early childhood, and of whom nothing has since been heard. The Count's travels give the author excuse to impart descriptions of places visited of the guide-book order, and, here and there, a homily delivered by one Gregory, a priest of the Church of Rome. We meet a motley crew—doctors, Quakers, Brazilian Indians—all shadowy figures; but as in the last chapter the missing son, who has been pirate, player (he acts in the little drama which gives its title to the book), and treader, is found by his father, we can, for more than one reason, close the book with satisfaction.

Miracle Plays: Our Lord's Coming and Childhood. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. (John Lane.)—It is indeed a "Christmas book," in which Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson has made the principal personages and some of the subordinate persons of the sacred story tell dramatically its early incidents from the Annunciation to the Finding in the Temple, with the thoughts and feelings aroused by them. Though her theme is among the highest, the poetess has been wisely unambitious in her treatment of it. Her language is the simplest possible; her numbers are very unpretending, and by young and old the familiar story will be read with interest in the musical and partly imaginative rendering of it. The tenderness which is one of the characteristics of Mrs. Hinkson's muse suffuses beautifully and touchingly the utterances, in monologue and dialogue, of the Virgin Mother. Quite a little gem of its kind is the lullaby which the wife of a robber sings to her plague-stricken babe in a cave where Joseph and Mary, with the infant Jesus, have found shelter during the Flight into Egypt. It is only very occasionally that simplicity dwindles into a baldness which reminds the reader of Crabbe himself, and that such halting rhymes occur as that of "breath" with "path," and of "seeth" with both of them. Mr. Patten Wilson furnishes appropriately pro-Raphaelitish illustrations of the text.

Professor Knight's biographical sketch of the late Mr. Minto was decidedly unsatisfactory; and the same has to be said of Mr. Glazebrook's little book on another Aberdeen Professor, the remarkable physicist, *Clerk Maxwell* (Cassell and Co.) Happily, we have Dr. Campbell and Dr. Garnett's biography to fall back on, as Mr. Glazebrook, with his paste-and-scissors method, does not fail to remind us. He is much more at home in discussing Clerk Maxwell's scientific attainments; and, as this is the primary purpose of the book, everybody interested in the history of physics will appreciate such an epitome of a scientific career of great distinction.

In *The Union of England and Scotland* (Longmans) Mr. James Mackinnon has made a study of international history. He starts with the union of the Crowns by James VI., works his way through the intricate mass of documents which bear on the real Union a century later, touches the vain effort of Jacobitism, and ends with an admirable survey of the effects of the Union down to the present time. The material progress made by Scotland in the eighteenth century is familiar; but the remarkable intellectual advance, briefly indicated by Buckle, is not sufficiently understood, and is hardly noticed by Mr. Mackinnon; yet

one has only to think of Adam Smith and of John Hunter to see how Scots thinkers stepped ahead of their contemporaries, having shaken the dust of hidebound theologies and ecclesiastical polity from their feet. In his closing chapter Mr. Mackinnon deals, and deals gently, with the advocates of Home Rule for Scotland. While deprecating their frequent inaccuracies, he holds that the case for national legislatures in Great Britain is not incompatible with the larger patriotism. As a contribution to what may become a pressing political problem Mr. Mackinnon's book is timely.

The Clarendon Press and Mr. Henry Frowde may be congratulated upon their new *Wordsworth*, the "Oxford edition" as it is called. There are only three men alive qualified to edit Wordsworth, and one of them is Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, who contributes valuable notes incorporating all the best suggestions of his predecessors, and who brings to the text the learning of a life-long devotion to a fascinating subject. The India paper which the Clarendon Press has made peculiarly its own for the great poets is an added charm. It is the best one-volume Wordsworth now available.

The Koh-I-Nur. By Edwin W. Streeter, F.R.G.S. (George Bell and Sons.)—Professor Maskelyne has said that the history of the Koh-I-Nur diamond is one long romance. Anyone who picks up Mr. Streeter's little book must assent to the claim. No historic stone has such a history to show as this magnificent jewel which Ala-Uddeen took from the Rajahs of Malwa five centuries and a half ago, and the English people stared at for the first time with wonder in the great Exhibition of the year 1850. There are larger stones, stones more brilliant, stones which exhibit the cutter's art to greater perfection; but, as Mr. Streeter declares, the Koh-I-Nur is pre-eminently the great diamond of history and romance. How fascinating is the whole story of it this brochure makes manifest. The author is able to tell us that her Majesty the Queen has read his proofs and approved of them. There are few finer judges of diamonds in the world than Mr. Streeter, and the pains he has been at to get the true history of the Koh-I-Nur are well rewarded by the testimony of Mr. J. Ball, who admits very readily the accuracy of his deductions. It is difficult in these days of Outlanders and bucket-shops to preserve the romance of precious stones at all; but, both in his history of this national diamond and in that of the great Pitt stone, Mr. Streeter has given romance so large a place that his little volume is almost as interesting as a novel.

Huon of Bordeaux. (George Allen.)—In this handsome volume Mr. Robert Steele has retold the marvellous adventures of Huon of Bordeaux, the hero of one of the most fascinating of the Chansons de Geste. The book was originally translated into English by the accomplished Lord Berners, and as he strayed occasionally from the form of the original, Mr. Steele has made some alterations, but has added no extraneous matter. The story moves like a gorgeous pageant through the vividly coloured times of the Emperor Charlemagne, who, however, is depicted in these pages as having been a somewhat turbulent tempered and vacillating monarch. The atmosphere, from cover to cover, is redolent of the fierce hates and jealousies, swift wooings, and bloody tournaments which were the main features of life and manners in the days before William the Norman landed in Britain. Huon and Gerard were the two sons of the widowed Duchess of Seguin, and to them belonged Bordeaux, "and all the land of Aquitaine." The boys were not yet of age, but a "felon traitor," Amaury by name, poisoned the mind of Charlemagne against them, and he straightway commanded that they should be brought to his Court. But those who wish to know how Huon slew Charlot, the Emperor's son, and also Amaury, the traitor; how he was banished, and a well-nigh impossible task allotted to him; how Oberon, King of the Fairies (who, despite his angelic face, is described as being three feet high and as possessing crooked shoulders), befriended him; how he came to Babylon and met the Fair Claramond, and how in the end he retired to his estates and lived "in much joy"—those who are fain to read of these wonderful things must seek the story for themselves. Mr. Steele wishes his work to be read only in the light of a story; if there are folks who yearn for philological details and analysis, are not the editions of the Early English Text Society ready to their hands? The printing of the book is admirable, and Mr. Mason's illustrations are decorative and fanciful.

Lyric and Elegiac Poems. Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan.)—It would seem that "the few" who are supposed to form Matthew Arnold's audience are sufficiently numerous to tempt Messrs. Macmillan to multiply editions of this poet's work. The present issue of the "Lyric and Elegiac Poems," "first printed in the Eversley Series, 1895," is in text and notes similar to former issues, but it is not impossible that many readers, fresh from the recently published "Letters," will find new lights on certain passages. As luck would have it, the volume opened in my hand at "Haworth Churchyard," which must be read with heightened interest now that we have seen a letter describing Arnold's meeting with Charlotte Brontë, and alluding to a conversation which seems hardly to have risen above Continental school methods. But if the meeting, as recorded in the letter, was commonplace, four years' distance and the shadow of death would seem to have lent it that fine perspective which is of the essence of Arnold's elegiac writing. Yet there, remoteness brings no blur, for the poetic atmosphere of Arnold is Alpine in its purity—Alpine, too, very often, in its chill. But that is why it is so bracing.

Works on Constantinople are obviously timely, and when our eyes, in spite of American distractions, are mainly turned towards the city of the "Shadow," it is pleasant to have at hand a well-informed companion, who can touch into life the scenes of the Orient. Mr. Marion Crawford's *Constantinople* (Macmillan) is a bit of deliciously easy writing, full of atmosphere and colour, and the author depicts the Turkish capital with all the skill that

has so often made his readers realise the City of the Seven Hills. The illustrations are often admirable, the woodcuts especially so.

A more ambitious work on the same theme is *The City of the Sultans*, by Clara Erskine Clement (Gay and Bird), where the writer deals with history, ancient and modern, and with manners and customs. It may be the careful literary workmanship of the other "Constantinople" has rendered us too fastidious, but it is impossible altogether to admire the style of this production. There is interest and instruction, no doubt, in the book, but that cannot atone for annoying mannerisms, faulty paragraphing, and the occasional intrusion of something like fatuity. The book would have been all the better had it lacked such passages as, for example, that on the character of Constantine, which "must ever," says Merivale, "remain a problem for psychologists, to be attempted only by those who have had experience of the mental struggles of an age of transition in spiritual belief." The writer, however, not infrequently speaks with knowledge, particularly in her accounts of Turkish weddings and circumcisions, which are undeniably diverting.

"Gyp's" tragic fragment, *A Little Love Affair*, crisply translated by Mrs. Patchett Martin, has been chosen by the Tower Publishing Company as the opening volume of their "Vagabond Library," perhaps, or perhaps not, with studied appropriateness, seeing that the story is of a wayward and wayworn soul, whose wanderings are traced to the very verge of the unknown. Unto the novelist all things are possible, and it seems almost a pity in these days of peering beyond the veil, that, for the sake of the new library, "Gyp" had not disclosed Liane's spiritual vagabondage. But as Madame de Martel did not write with the Tower Publishing Company's venture before her eyes, readers must be content. It seems justifiable to hope well of a series that opens with the work of one who may be enrolled among modern French classics.

The ever-fascinating pursuit of rare and curious books has impelled Mr. G. H. Powell to give the world yet another "book about books," *Excursions in Libraria*. (Lawrence and Bullen), for which he begs to apologise. The book, which is erudite or nothing, contains a series of seven essays on book-hunting and rare books, two of which have already appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* and in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. The first essay is called "The Philosophy of Rarity," which sounds puzzling, but Mr. Powell at an early stage makes all plain. "The 'philosophy,'" he says, "which we here struggle to expound is but the craft and 'venerie' of the book-hunter." There are exhaustive essays on curious books, such as the "Disciplina Clericalis" and the correspondence of Rabelais; the latter essay being, perhaps, the most readable in the volume. It is a pity that a work containing so much minute information, one had almost said scholarship, should suffer from stiffness of style and a too abundant use of parentheses—about two on every page. The exclamation point, likewise in parentheses, is also teasingly frequent.

Elegant impressionist writing, half story, half essay, with a fine vein of reflectiveness, is to be found in the sumptuous pages of Mr. P. H. Emerson's *Marsh Leaves* (David Nutt), a series of sixty-five short studies of life in the Fens. The sketches are too brief, and their interest too slight to give them a strong hold on the reader, but the writer may at least claim the record of conscientious work. Some passages in their poetic feeling remind one of Madame Michelet; others, in their minute observation, recall Tourgenieff. In "Marsh Leaves" there is abundance of good writing, a thing often sadly to seek nowadays; there is abundance, too, of material, which constructive imagination might have wrought into a popular novel of the Fen country. Perhaps the author does not court popularity, but "Polly's Valentine" has possibilities, and Mr. Emerson might do well to remember that the attraction of a large audience is not yet incompatible with careful literature.

Mr. George Gissing has contributed to "Cassell's Pocket Library" one of his mordant studies of suburban society in *The Paying Guest*. The vulgarity of his favourite milieu is here; but the irony is not so grim as in "The Year of Jubilee." There are touches of pure comedy, and the story can be read with something like pleasure. Louise Derrick, who is the "paying guest" of Clarence Mumford and his wife, is even piquant, if you can associate piquancy with Tulse Hill and Sutton, which, to Mr. Gissing, are regions almost as remote from civilisation as Equatorial Africa. Louise's lover, the dictatorial but kindly Cobb, is an excellent character, and his proposal, with the appropriate accompaniment of a thunderstorm, followed by the scene in which his ardour destroys Mrs. Mumford's drawing-room furniture, has that genuine humour which springs from the play of motive and temperament.

Donne will always have his devotees, and they have been lavishly catered for by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen in their pretty two-volume edition of his poems. Mr. George Saintsbury contributes an admirable critical introduction, which is at once appreciative and discriminating, summing up Donne's position as an inspired poetical creator. Mr. E. K. Chambers has added a budget of notes which will help the reader to understand the why and wherefore of much that were otherwise a dead letter. Altogether Donne could not appear under better auspices.

Mr. C. G. Compton has written an entertaining story of the stage in *Her Own Devices* (W. Heinemann). The main interest is concerned with the adventures of one of those actresses who dwell in the sequestered vale of the understudy. The playgoing public knows nothing of Susan Stanier, but she makes a considerable commotion among her masculine acquaintances. Why Susan, despite the undoubted attractions of "seaweed eyes" and copper-shaded hair, is a failure, Mr. Compton tells us with spirit and insight. Though his story touches the seamy side of theatrical life, our feelings are not harrowed; and he has drawn a little coterie of hangers-on of the stage without caricature—in itself a considerable achievement.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

If it were not for the deplorable fact that every journalist in the whole of London who wields her pen on the topic of costume has devoted columns of praise to Mrs. Langtry's gowns in "Gossip," I should deem it my duty to dilate upon their every detail. But never shall it be said that Ruth and I follow one line of conduct. "Whither thou



A BLACK SATIN GOWN.

goest I shall go" shall not be uttered of "Paulina Pry" to her sister scribblers. The full particulars of these most wonderful gowns—of which, by-the-way, the first of peach-coloured chiffon with an elaborate lace trimming fixed fichu-fashion into a point at the back, falling in long panels on either side of the skirt at the front, is not the least inspiring—may have been found in the columns of every newspaper published last week. Fashion behind the footlights I will not consider. Those which fret their hour in the West End establishments shall absorb my best attentions. It would appear from a careful study of the styles now arriving by every post from Paris that no fabric has been considered deserving of the authorities save and except tulle. The tulle cravat, the tulle waistcoat, the tulle hat are ubiquitous. There is scarcely a dress which does not show tulle—a most extravagant state of affairs, and one which can only be realised by the extremely wealthy. I am always observing that Fashion is no respecter of pockets. She gives her orders with a royal disregard for such a minor matter as money. Some of the new hats are entirely made of tulle; these, to my mind, however, are not particularly attractive; for although the tulle scarves

on the straw crowns have charms, the tulle brim becomes easily demoralised, and the tulle crown lacks attractions. The bird-of-paradise plume waves its decorative influence over the new millinery, and black feathers and black roses share public favour with white gardenias and a flat white osprey decked at the top with a peacock's eye.

Black and white are to have it all their own way this year; the infinitesimal checks and the plain materials appearing to divide favour equally. Alpaca is to be met under many fanciful aspects, with a floral design upon it or with infinitesimal stripes or spots. When the weather permits us the privilege, canvas will, no doubt, be our favourite wear; some of the new stuffs of this description are particularly attractive, bearing a close kinship to crêpon. Black watered silk is being used in great profusion, and all the hats that are not made of tulle are formed of this, threaded through fanciful straw. It is four or five years now since we last took enthusiastically to the touch of black on all our coloured gowns, so that in the natural order of things, it would seem time to revive the fancy. But formerly it was black satin we adopted; now the black is either silk of the soft twill description or moiré. The skirts of this year are as full round the hem as the skirts of last year, although they fit, perhaps, more snugly to the hips, and all the jackets which deserve the label "new" have a short basque all the way round, a belt round the waist permitting the front to pouch a little. The fronts of these bodices or jackets, whichever they may be, usually show some elaboration of embroidery, an appliqué of lace or of velvet worked in beads or spangles, these fronts being cut slightly low at the neck to show a cravat either of the inevitable tulle or of chiffon. A very lovely frock made in this style is of black face-cloth, with the bodice of white satin, with a heliotrope velvet appliqué design in the front, traced with silver and jet. Round the waist is a belt of silver galloon, decked with jet, and again at the neck is a white tulle cravat. This is destined for a half-mourner, who proposes to crown it with a hat showing a brim formed of frills of kilted silk-edged black grenadine, the crown of grenadine, and an erect bow of grenadine at one side forming a background

to an osprey with curved tips elaborately *diamanté*. Grenadine ribbon, by-the-way, is one of the rivals of tulle as the trimming for millinery; this appears in black or in colours, while sometimes it may be found shot in two shades, and it is invariably edged with a thick piping either of satin or of velvet. A blue straw hat which I met recently showed round the brim a thick garland of blue cornflowers, with an erect bow of the blue-and-green shot grenadine ribbon at one side piped with blue velvet and flanked on either side by Lophophore feathers. But why do I sit making bald statements about fashion, without devoting any attention to the glorification of the two pictures which appear here. I know not, and I never knew, as the prisoner of Chillon might have observed, why I do not bestow that careful consideration upon my duty which my parents so constantly taught me should come before my pleasure. The one sketch shows a gown of black satin with revers, front and vest of white satin traced with gold and silver thread, interspersed with jet and small iridescent shells. Ruches of black

ribbon trim the top of the sleeves, and double strings of jet and pearl and gold beads form the shoulder straps. The other picture represents a costume of purple cloth, with a deep hem-stitched collar and coloured front of biscuit-painted cloth. The bodice fastens across with narrow bands of black satin ribbon drawn through diamond buckles, while the ruffle and cravat are of black kilted tulle.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

H. E. W.—You should cut that picture out of the paper and send it to Myrette, 95, Regent Street. She will cut you a paper pattern of the sleeve you want.

DIANA.—See my reply to H. E. W.

A. H.—You must wear a widow's cap for at least a year. Many widows wear it for two, and, indeed, some wear it all their lives; but twelve months are the least for the cap and the veil on the bonnet. After this, if you feel the inclination, there is no reason why you should not leave off crape as well as these special symbols.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

As the moment approaches for the decision to be made by Oxford University in the matter of the degrees for women students, the discussion grows more keen. The opposition makes great play with the theory that as soon as women get admitted to the degree they will be a strong factor in the effective demand for the exclusion of Greek from the curriculum. To this Miss Emily Davies, the founder of Girton, answers that there certainly is difference of opinion among the advocates of women's degrees as to the desirability of a change in the curriculum of the old Universities, for men and women both, but that, as at present there has not arisen a shred of evidence that the course of study that forms the best culture for a man is not also the best culture for the feminine intelligence, there is no reason to anticipate an agitation to alter the present course of study in the special interests of women. The clause in the string of resolutions that is to be submitted to Congregation at Oxford on March 4 that is arousing most comment is that requiring women, before they can obtain the degree of B.A., to pass in at least one subject in honours, while allowing men to obtain the same degree for a bare pass. The lack of fair play in thus handicapping one or



A COSTUME OF PURPLE CLOTH.

even two equal contestants for a prize is obvious; but it is still not impossible to hear the Professors who make this proposal claiming that the male is by nature the superior sex, so that the proposition is to handicap the feeble.

England is not alone in the grudging and curiously illogical policy of allowing women to prove their superabundant fitness for the degree and yet refusing to let them have that stamp or hall-mark which they have more than earned. Harvard, the greatest and oldest of the American Universities, follows the same course. A Miss Mary W. Calkins, who is one of the Professors at the Wellesley Women's University, having graduated M.A. at a woman's college in 1885, has just presented herself for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard, and has been declared by the examiners to have "passed the most brilliant examination ever known." But she will not receive her degree. American women too, then, have not all that they consider fair. Another instance in my last American mail is the case of a married woman in California who has sued her husband for failing to support his family. It was shown that the husband was a worthless, drunken, and idle man, and that the wife worked and maintained the family. The Judge said, "It is the rule of law, well settled in this State, that where the wife's earnings are sufficient for her support, and are not interfered with by the husband, the neglect of the husband to supply the wife with the common necessities of existence does not count. The theory of these cases is that the earnings of the wife are community property; and, as the husband has control of the community property, his not preventing the wife applying her earnings to her own wants is in law his application of the same to her support!"

The meeting to found a National Council of Women was practically a fiasco. Lady Henry Somerset and Mrs. Walter McLaren were the only two people generally known who were announced, and neither of them went. Mr. McLaren took the chair, and another gentleman made one of the chief speeches. Mrs. Alec Tweedie spoke on the desirability of farmers' wives being better instructed in dairy work. It is to be feared that the "National Council of English Women" must wait for better management before it becomes an actuality.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



PRESENTATION TO THE HON. ARTHUR BRAND.

A handsome set of silver plate was presented to the Hon. Arthur Brand, at a Liberal gathering held at March on Feb. 26, in recognition of his services as member for the Wisbech Division of Cambridge-shire, which he represented in the House of Commons for many years. The presentation was made by Miss Peckover, daughter of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, and comprised an engraved tray, a pair of Corinthian-column candelabra, and a massive silver bowl, designed and executed by Mappin Brothers, of Cheapside and Regent Street.



THE TROUBLE IN THE TRANSVAAL: THE DISBANDING OF THE BOER FORCES, AND THEIR DEPARTURE BY TRAIN FROM PRETORIA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is over thirty years ago since I first saw François Coppée. It was almost a twelvemonth before Sadowa, when, notwithstanding the Mexican expedition, there seemed not a cloud on the horizon of the Second Empire. Of course, people—or, rather, the wisacres—shook their heads over that, but the Café Bobino, the Théâtre du Luxembourg—which scarcely anyone knew under that name—the Luxembourg Gardens themselves, and the Quartier Latin generally, with its population of students, grisettes (the latter were fast disappearing to make room for the *étudiantes*) the budding poets, embryo musicians, *rapins*, *carabins*, and the rest were gay and jovial. The youngsters did not trouble themselves with politics. Of course, I am speaking of youngsters who were young, and who gave the Gambettas, the Floquets, and the Ferrys, who, according to them, pretended to be young, a wide berth.

In those days the students and the budding poets—notably the latter—wore long hair. I remember Catulle Mendès, of whom English readers know very little, with long fair hair almost falling on his shoulders. Alphonse Daudet's, though probably equally long, seemed to refuse to fall; it stood out like a large mop. Coppée's was lank, and the face was always more or less sad. Some of us thought that he had no reason to be, for his first volume of poems—"Le Reliquaire"—had been received with marked favour. *Le Petit Journal* had given it a leader of a column and a half full of unstinted approval, and though none of us had ever heard then of Thomas Morton, "His Cure for Heartache," or his famous quotation, we all thought that approbation from Léo Lespès, alias Timothée Trium, was praise indeed. We could not make out why François Coppée was sad outside working hours. Of course, as a poet he had the right to be sad in working hours, but out of them Catulle Mendès was not sad, nor was André Gill, nor, least of all, Alphonse Daudet.

We little know then where the shoe pinched, although we knew that François Coppée was not rich; but then, not one of us was rich in those days. I was but a trifle younger than François Coppée, and was allowed a fair amount of pocket-money by the relatives who brought me up—or tried to bring me up. I was allowed 50*fr.* a month, and when pay-day came I thought myself a Croesus. I learnt a little while afterwards that on exactly three times my allowance François Coppée had to keep a mother and a sister. He was a clerk at the War Office then, as his father had been before him, for François Coppée is a real Parisian—a Parisian, whose father and mother both were born in Paris. I doubt whether even now there is more than a third of the population that can boast of such a pedigree as that.

In spite of his poverty, François Coppée was a great deal neater and tidier than either Catulle Mendès, Alphonse Daudet, or André Gill. I am only mentioning a few of those who sat and talked and laughed and made sure of the future in that Café Bobino, which disappeared a few years afterwards to make room for improvements; which were, no doubt, necessary, but which were resented then, inasmuch as henceforth it prevented us from considering those magnificent gardens of the Luxembourg as an annexe to the Théâtre and Café de Bobino. Yes; Coppée was a great deal neater and tidier than most of the habitués devoted to arts and letters. His clothes, though threadbare, were carefully brushed; his linen was white and did not gape "where it should not have gaped" for want of buttons; studs were not known then. One could see that he was taken care of by women, and I doubt whether anyone knew that he was so miserably poor. That same poverty has left its marks upon him and his works; but he may thank God for it, for it has given him the soul of the true poet, the poet whose heart throbs in sympathy with the poor, the poet both whose life and song are guided and inspired by an ineffable tenderness for the humble and lowly and disinherited by fortune.

Those who only know François Coppée from his plays only know part of the man. "Pour la Couronne," the tragedy which, I am told, is likely to prove a great success at the Lyceum, breathes a spirit of lofty patriotism. I have not seen it either in the original or in the English version, but, judging from "Severo Torelli" and "Les Jacobites," which I have seen two or three times, I feel certain that if the theme be patriotism, it can only be that of the loftiest kind in François Coppée's hands.

And yet, much as this truly noble literary work may strike the playgoer, I would recommend him to brush up his French and read the non-heroical Coppée. If possible, let him get "Le Reliquaire" and "Les Intimités," or, for that matter, any of the poet's later works, whether in verse or in prose. The playgoer converted into a reader for the nonce will, I feel certain, rise from the perusal of one such a book a wiser but a sadder man. I have heard some very eloquent preachers in my time; I have heard the best after-dinner speakers make appeals to their guests: not one of these has ever moved me as the simplest tale of Coppée does. That is where the man's strength lies, and it is more than probable that if Coppée's youth and childhood had been prosperous, his work would have been different from what it is. Poverty has, for once, had the best of it.

Discoveries of considerable historical importance have attended the excavations now in progress on the south of Sebastopol, under the superintendence of Dr. Kosciuszko. The Byzantine city of Cherson has been revealed to the light of day, with all that remains of its chief buildings, churches, and streets. The ruins include many evidences of an older civilisation than the Byzantine, and Greco-Scythian relics have been found in some quantity. An inscription has been laid bare which would seem to give strong support to the assertion of classical authors that the Tauric Chersonese was originally a colony of Heraclea in Pontus.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P. W. ANDREWS (Clapton).—We have no doubt it will prove very acceptable. MAX J. MEYER (Jersey).—We are glad to hear from you again, and trust to find the positions suitable for publication. As regards the other matter, it was not yours that appeared. W. CAMPBELL (Helsingfors).—Surely if Black play 1. K to B 2nd, 2. P to Q 5th, becoming a Queen, gives mate. J. S. WESLEY, J. D. TECKER, and OTHERS.—Your charge against No. 2708 is well founded, there being a second solution by 1. B to B sq (dis. ch). J. S. W. (Exeter).—The problem was more than a pretty picture; it was a pretty piece of chess had it been right. E. GATES (Pytchley).—Thanks for the game, which shall be examined, and, we trust, found good enough for publication. F. THOMPSON (Derby).—Sound, we believe, and very good. CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2703 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2705 from H. S. Brandreth and Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2706 from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. B. (Clifton), James Lloyd, and E. Luffon-May (Pentonville); of No. 2707 from T. Chown, R. H. Brooks, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), John McRobert (Crossgar, Co. Down), H. S. Brandreth (Italy), J. Whittingham (Welshpool), W. Lillie (Manchester), Rudolf Fauser (Aachen), Dr. Traquair, E. G. Boys, and Frank R. Pickering. CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2708 received from Sorrento, F. James (Wolverhampton), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), J. Whittingham (Welshpool), H. F. Preston, G. T. Hughes (Athy), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Castle Lea, A. Balls (Highgate), James Priestley, Captain Spencer, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), F. Waller (Luton), C. E. Perugini, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Ubique, E. E. H. M. Burke, Dr. A. C. Farquharson, F. A. Carter (Maldon), W. R. Baillem, Shadforth, H. T. Atterbury, L. Desanges, W. R. B. (Clifton), W. David (Cardiff), Alpha, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), and E. G. Boys.

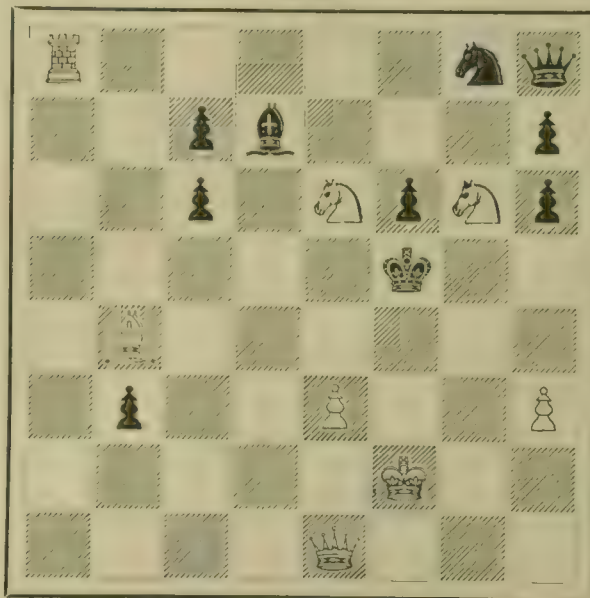
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2707.—By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

WHITE. 1. K to B 3rd. 2. Mates accordingly. BLACK. Any move.

PROBLEM No. 2710.

By R. T. MILFORD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between Messrs. HERBERT JACOBS and E. M. JACKSON. (Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Jacobs).	BLACK (Mr. Jackson).	WHITE (Mr. Jacobs).	BLACK (Mr. Jackson).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. P takes P	B to R 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P takes P	
3. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. P takes P	Kt to K 2nd
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	20. P takes P	Kt takes Q
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt takes Kt	21. P takes P	K R to Kt sq
6. Kt P takes Kt		22. R to B 3rd	Castles
		23. Q R to K B sq	Q R to K sq
		24. K to R sq	
		25. R to B 6th	B to R 3rd
		26. R takes R	R takes R
		27. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Kt
		28. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 2nd
		29. P to B 5th	K to K 2nd
		30. P to B 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
		31. R to K sq	R to Q sq
		32. R to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		33. P to R 4th	P to Kt 3rd
		34. P to R 5th (ch)	K takes P
		35. P to B 7th	Resigns.

It is doubtful whether White could not with more satisfaction play Bishop to Kt 2nd at move four, instead of capturing the Pawn, which leads to an exchange scarcely in his favour.

In all such cases it is necessary to break down the defences by exchanging the King's Bishop.

The complications now commencing are very pretty. Black threatened Kt to K 6th (ch).

INTERCOUNTY CHESS.

Game played in the match Surrey v. Hants, between Messrs. A. HOWELL and J. H. BLAKE. (French Defence.)

WHITE J. H. B. (Hants).	BLACK A. H. (Surrey).	WHITE J. H. B. (Hants).	BLACK A. H. (Surrey).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	16. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 3rd	17. R to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	18. P to Q 4th	R to R 2nd
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	19. R to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 4th
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th	20. R to R 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
6. P takes P	Kt takes B P		
		21. P to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd
		22. B to B 6th	R to Kt 2nd
		23. Q to K Kt 2nd	R to Q sq
		24. R to R 6th	Kt to K sq
		25. P to K R 4th	Kt to K 2nd
		26. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 3rd
		27. B takes Kt	R takes B
		28. P to R 6th	P takes P
		29. P to B 5th	
		30. P to Kt 6th	R to K B 2nd
		31. R takes Kt P	P takes P
		32. Kt takes R	Resigns.

There is no hurry to make this capture. The Pawn cannot be retained, so Kt to Q B 3rd has advantages at the moment.

It is against the first principles to exchange the defensive Bishop free to operate by way of R 3rd. To this the loss of the game may, in fact, be largely attributed.

It is hardly necessary to point out how White, with an excellent opening for attack, makes the best use of it.

The match between Messrs. Herbert Jacobs and E. M. Jackson has resulted in a victory for the former by five games to one. A match is now suggested between Messrs. Teichmann and Jacobs.

Mr. T. B. Rowland is organising a correspondence tourney, limited to twenty competitors. There will be an entrance-fee of one guinea. The total amount of the fees will be proportionately divided into five prizes and awarded to the five players who make the highest scores. Copies of rules may be obtained from Mr. Rowland, Rus-in-Urbe, Kingstown.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am glad once more to be able to direct attention to the condensed milk question, because it constitutes a dietetic fraud of a very serious character, and also for the reason that I am hopeful that these remarks may catch, if not "the Speaker's eye," mayhap the optic of some Parliamentary representative who will bring the matter within the range of practical politics. Anything which interferes with the nutrition of the young can be nothing short of a national fraud. If the first essential for success in life is to be "a fine animal," or in other words, a perfectly healthy being, it is quite evident that the first step towards the realisation of this very reasonable condition is to feed the animal well. Moreover, as you cannot remedy in later life the fundamental errors exhibited in feeding the young, the high importance of attending to the nourishment of humanity in its early stages of development becomes self-evident. The condensed milk dietetic "frauds" to which I allude consist in the sale of milks which have been skimmed, and therefore robbed of one constituent, fat, which is absolutely essential for the building up of the growing frame. There is no legal fraud perpetrated here, so far as I can discover. The labels on the tins of the milks to which I alluded bear the word "skimmed" in characters of almost microscopic dimensions, so that practically the purchaser is deceived into buying for honest milk, with all its nutrient constituents present, a defective and well-nigh worthless fluid.

"Skim-milk masquerades as cream," says Mr. Gilbert in one of his operas. Here it certainly masquerades as honest milk of full strength; otherwise why should the word "skimmed" be printed in a fashion calculated to escape the consumer's eye? The report of Mr. Stokes, public analyst to the vestry of Paddington, which that gentleman courteously sends me, contains much information of great interest to all who regard the public health as public wealth. He remarks on the nefarious nature of the condensed skim-milk traffic in view of the fact that such milk is often specially recommended for infant-feeding purposes. We are told that directions are given to add from four to fifteen parts of water to the skimmed milk, the quantity of water varying with the different brands. Now, Mr. Stokes has calculated out the quantity of food yielded by one of these milks if the directions given on the tin are followed. If a child takes one pint of ordinary cow's milk per day, it receives of nitrogenous (or flesh-forming) material about one ounce, and of fat or cream three-quarters of an ounce by weight. But if the condensed skim-milk be diluted as directed, says Mr. Stokes, it would give only one fifth of an ounce of nitrogenous and one twenty-fifth of an ounce of fat.

These figures are unassailable. They certainly tell a woeful tale of under-nutrition of child-life, such as might well make our Legislature reflect on the instant necessity for enacting a statute prohibiting the sale of condensed skim-milks at all. A little gleam of light, however, breaks on the horizon. The "Food Products Adulteration Committee" has been taking evidence on this and other points connected with food-abuses, and it is earnestly to be hoped that one of the recommendations of this body will be to the effect that the sale of such milks as I am discussing should be made absolutely illegal. The person who buys condensed milk expects full value for his money. To give him skimmed milk, however speciously the tin may be labelled, is practically to give him a stone when he asks for bread. Nothing except absolute prohibition of such a practice as removing fat from milk will suffice to rectify the dietetic frauds thus perpetrated; for the public, and especially the poorer classes, cannot discriminate between the good and nutritious brands of condensed milks, and those which are practically worthless for all nutritive ends.

It forms a gratifying testimony to the utility of this column, as well as to the widespread influence of this Journal, that a recent note of mine on the advisability of diffusing a knowledge of the means to be adopted for the prevention of blindness in infants has secured a large share of public attention. I remarked that Mr. Wilson, of Gardner's Trust for the Blind, 53, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W., would send leaflets on this topic for distribution. He writes to me: "Needless to say, I have received, with pleasure, very many requests for the leaflets, consequent on the paragraph you wrote." Mr. Wilson also adds that the Royal Commission on the blind, deaf, and dumb, etc., recommended "that information respecting the treatment of purulent ophthalmia should be circulated by the sanitary authority, or through the Post Office." This recommendation, I regret to learn, has not been acted upon. I note that Government prints details regarding rabies on the backs of the dog-licenses. Why not print directions for the prevention of blindness—a truly national question—on the backs of postal orders? Mr. Wilson might try the effect of an appeal, on the basis of the committee's recommendation, to the Postmaster-General.

One of the results of human activity on the face of the globe, alas! is the frequent extinction of animal species. I need not allude to the fearful amount of destruction which is wrought among rare groups of birds by the insatiable collector, who finds a ready and constant market for his wares in the bonnet-shops. Women, I hope, are beginning to see that there is something more than a purely sentimental side to the protest against the destruction of birds to afford them feathers for their hats. The fur seals, but for protection, would long ere now have been wiped off the face of the earth. The case of the rhytina, a big sea-cow, formerly plentiful in Northern Asia, but completely exterminated, will occur to many readers as another example of extinction, and the dodo and solitaire among birds, may also be quoted as illustrations of man's influence on animal life. The latest announcement I have seen concerning the effect of man's too ruthless pursuit of animal life refers to the American buffalo. I learn that 300 dollars has lately been refused for a good buffalo-robe, while about twenty years ago one dollar would have purchased the skin. Comment on this fact is needless. Humanity always seems inclined to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

M. DE MORGAN'S DISCOVERIES AT DAHSHŪR.



SHAFTS LEADING TO SUBTERRANEAN SARCOPHAGI CHAMBERS IN THE PYRAMID PLATEAU AT DAHSHŪR.

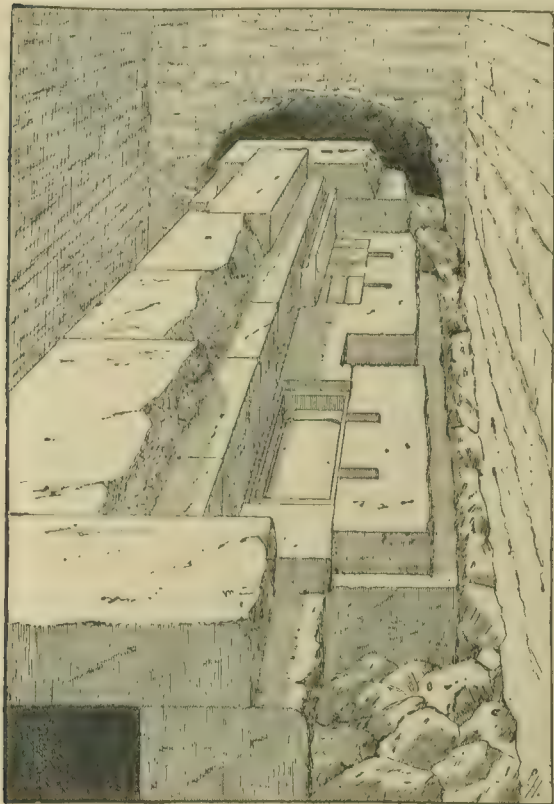
When the British Army of Occupation marched into Egypt in 1882, that country most unexpectedly became the object of thought of every intelligent thinker in Europe and of every English-speaking nation throughout the world. The diplomat, the soldier, and the politician each looked upon Egypt with a practical eye, and meditated what advantage could be got from it for the country which he represented; and as every merchant knows that trade follows in the wake of military expeditions on a large scale into new countries, the commercial world believed that it saw its way to future advantage and benefit. But others besides the practical men were interested in the opening up of Egypt by the British—we mean the student of general history and the archaeologist, not to mention the expert Egyptologist. Travellers of every civilised nation visited Egypt at intervals during the early years of this century, and some, like Belzoni, Wilkinson, Perring, Vyse, and Lepsius, have left behind them works on Egypt of the greatest value; many, however, have passed through the country and told us nothing of the conditions in which they found the monuments of its past history. Soon after the arrival of the British soldier in Egypt came the

soldier's friends, and as they wanted to go about and see the country which he had been sent to put in order, it was found necessary to provide additional means of communication and transit. Though charmed with the country and the scenery and the climate, and all the beauties of sunshine and of clear air, the visitor soon remembered that Egypt had a past, and that she was the good mother who taught the rest of the world its letters, and how to read and write. He found that wherever he went he was confronted with the remains of a nation which, some seven thousand years before, had, like himself, sought to solve the mystery of its existence, and to pry into the life hereafter. Temples, obelisks, tombs, and statues all told the same story, and all proclaimed the intellectual power and civilised state of the ancient Egyptian; and the educated travellers who flocked to Egypt demanded with no uncertain voice that all the available information on these subjects should be given to them. But they were not the first seekers after knowledge of Egyptian lore, and they found that an attempt had been made to establish a museum of Egyptian antiquities (chiefly through the exertions of Mariette Pasha, its first

Director), to preserve from decay and from wilful destruction the fast-perishing remains of a glorious past. The first museum consisted of a comparatively small number of Egyptian objects, which were housed in some old post-office buildings at Bulak, and the danger from fire was very great; part of the building, moreover, rested on a buttress which projected into the Nile, and it was generally expected that this part of it would be washed bodily into the river during the inundation. Subsequently the antiquities were removed to the palace at Gizeh, where they are well cared for, and where they are as safe as they can be in such a building. It is to be hoped that the new fire-proof museum which is to be built in Cairo will soon be ready, and that no more anxiety on the score of fire need be feared. The first Director of the museum was, as said above, Mariette; the second was M. Maspero, who added largely to its collection; the third was M. Grébant; and the fourth is M. J. de Morgan, whose recent discoveries at Dahshūr we are about to mention. Since the appointment of this gentleman as Director-General of the Service of Antiquities of Egypt he has undertaken and carried out a large number of important works, and his discoveries have kept pace with his labours. It is true that no work of such magnitude as the clearing out of the Temple of Denderah has been accomplished by him, but the general excavations which he has conducted and sanctioned have done much to extend our knowledge of Egyptian history and archaeology. Unlike his predecessors, he has not endeavoured to carry through all works single-handed, but his reputation has not suffered by this policy, while the Egyptian Museum at Gizeh and the visitor have gotten advantage.

During the winter of 1893-94 M. de Morgan paid a visit to the stony plateau on the west bank of the Nile, which lies a few hours distant to the south-west of Cairo, where

stand the famous pyramids of Dahshūr; a little to the north are the pyramids of the Kings of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, the "step" pyramid of Sakkara, and other important monuments. The whole district is full of tombs, and all scholars have admitted this fact; yet, strangely enough, no systematic excavations have hitherto been made throughout it. The northern end of the plateau was examined by Perring, who, however, obtained but few results; by Lepsius, by Mariette, and by Maspero. The discovery of the texts in the pyramids of Unas, Teta, Pepi I., Pepi II., and Mer-en-Rā are too well known to need notice here, and the history of Mariette's work at the Serapeum is known to all. Rightly conjecturing



SARCOPHAGI GALLERY AT DAHSHŪR.

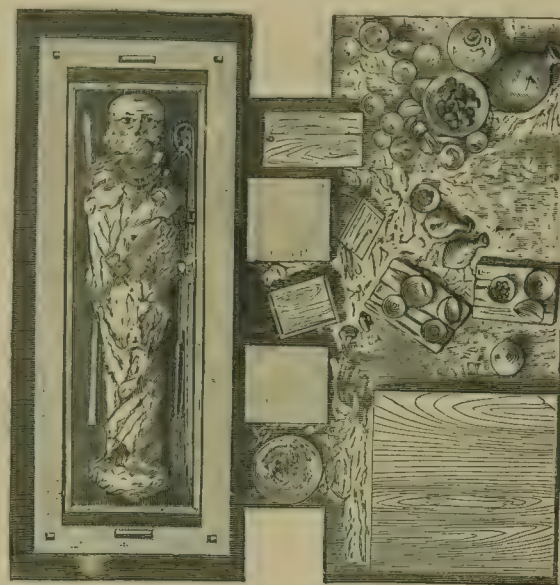
that his predecessors had discovered the most important remains that were to be found at the north of the plateau, M. de Morgan turned his attention to the southern end, and the results of his labours have fully justified his decision. A general idea of this portion of the plateau may be obtained from our Illustration. Having arranged to live on the spot, so that the greatest advantage might result to archaeology from his labours, M. de Morgan began to work with a large gang of labourers. He found it necessary to make first a general clearance of the sand, stones, and rubbish which had accumulated, partly through

the decay of the buildings and partly through the excavations of other investigators, so that a plan of the walls which surrounded the pyramids might be made out, and any traces of tombs cut in the solid rock might be noticed. It was customary among the Egyptians for officials high in the service of their kings to be buried in rock-hewn tombs in the neighbourhood of their pyramids; such tombs have not the importance of pyramids, but they are, notwithstanding, of great value archaeologically. To these tombs the name of *mustaba* has been given by the natives, and in the great pyramid-field which extends from Gizeh to Dahshūr many hundreds of them have been found. Mastaba tombs consist of three parts—an upper chamber above ground, a shaft, and a subterranean chamber, in which the sarcophagus is placed. The entrance to the shaft is always carefully concealed, and only long practice will enable the excavator to hit upon the spot where an opening is to be made. Soon after work was begun at Dahshūr fragments of inscriptions of Kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, about B.C. 2500, were found, and these served to indicate the age of the monuments found thereabouts. Further excavations resulted in the discovery of a pit and a gallery in which were a number of tombs that showed plainly the marks of the professional robber. From the remains found there it was clear that they had been tenanted by the bodies of Princesses of the Twelfth Dynasty. Close by a box filled with handsome gold and silver jewellery was found, and it was thought that the box had escaped the hands of the robbers by accident. It is more probable, however, that these gold and silver ornaments were removed from the mummies by the hands of priests or others who had cause to think that they would be stolen, and that they were hidden in a place where the professional thief, expecting to find nothing, would not search.

The work at the northern brick pyramid at Dahshūr having come to an end, M. de Morgan next attacked the southern pyramid, the upper part of which had, however, been removed by the natives, who built the bricks into their houses. A wall ran round the pyramid, and between it and the pyramid were buried the royal children. At the north-east corner a tomb of very considerable importance was found, for it proved to be that of a royal personage called Au-ab-Rā, whose existence was hitherto unsuspected. Of the circumstances under which he lived and died nothing is known, but it is probably right to assume that he was a contemporary of Amenemhat III., and that he either reigned with him or after him, but before Amenemhat IV. ascended the throne. For a man who was at one time "King of Upper and Lower Egypt," his tomb was unusually mean. Having cleared out all the mastaba tombs on the north and north-east side of the pyramid of Amenemhat III., M. de Morgan began work on the west side, and here, as elsewhere, success crowned his labours. All the ground was carefully examined, and at length the entrances to a number of shafts leading to subterranean sarcophagi chambers were discovered. An excellent idea of the size of the mouths of such shafts and

the labour entailed in excavating them may be gained from a glance at our Illustration.

On Feb. 15, 1895, M. de Morgan came upon an opening which led by an inclined plane to a gallery, and believing, for



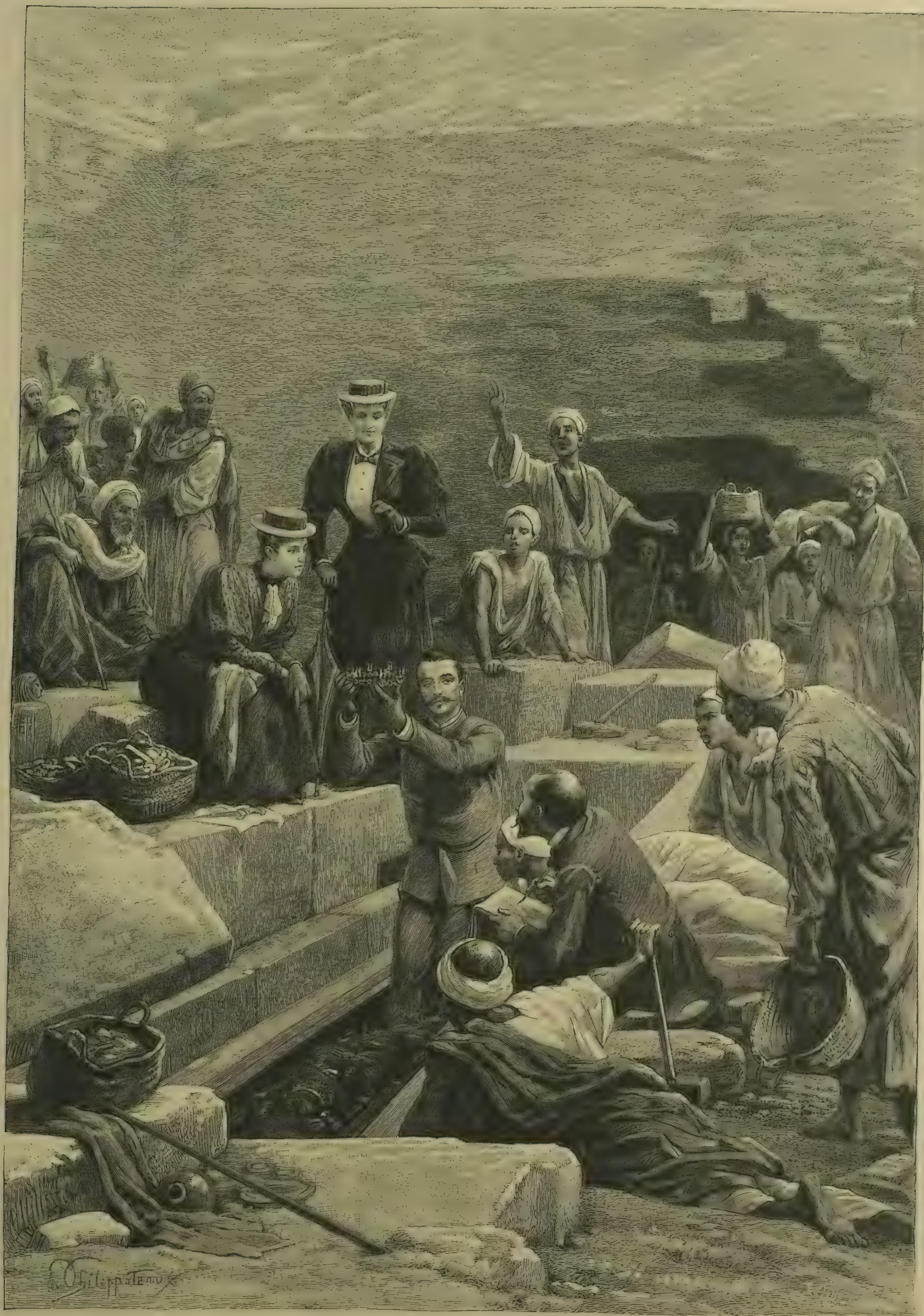
THE MUMMY OF A ROYAL PERSONAGE IN ITS SARCOPHAGUS AT DAHSHŪR.

several reasons, that the tomb there had not been rifled, he removed the covering and laid bare the gallery to the light of day. On the following day, when room had been made to open the sarcophagi which had been placed there, the cover of one was lifted, and, to the great joy of all concerned, it was found to be tenanted by the mummy of the Princess Ha, which was ornamented with most beautiful golden jewellery inlaid with cornelian, turquoise, and lapis-lazuli. The fastenings of the collar and some of the smaller portions of the ornaments had become loose, and had dropped by the side of the mummy into the coffin, but they had been wonderfully preserved by the dry stone chamber in which they were buried, notwithstanding the four thousand years which had passed since they were laid on the dead Princess. In a small vaulted chamber the funeral offerings were found, together with the vases of unguents, etc., with which the double of the Princess was intended to delight itself. When the second sarcophagus was opened, it was found to contain the mummy of the Queen Khnemit, who had been buried with most valuable articles of jewellery. Our Illustration shows M. de Morgan in the act of lifting a magnificent golden crown from the head of the mummy of Queen Khnemit. Those who looked on at the removal of the jewellery from a great Queen who had died more than four thousand years ago saw a sight which they will probably never forget. But although the articles of



THE PYRAMID PLATEAU AT DAHSHŪR.

M. DE MORGAN'S DISCOVERIES AT DAHSHŪR.



M. DE MORGAN LIFTING A GOLDEN CROWN FROM THE MUMMY OF QUEEN KHNEMIT AT DAHSHŪR.

jewellery in the coffin were numerous, and of every sort and kind which are characteristic of the epoch, the "find" which was made in a chamber close by is of greater importance, for here we have examples of the finest possible work of the ancient Egyptian goldsmith. The fine gold of which the crowns, pendants, beads, stars, etc., was made, had been drawn out and worked into cunning patterns and devices, which would not, we think, be easy to imitate. The most beautiful effects are obtained by the inlaying of cornelian, lapis-lazuli, and turquoise, and the patterns, though simple, show a mastery of the ancient craft of ornament which is almost incredible. Our pictures will afford an idea of the patterns, but only a sight of the objects themselves can enable the reader fully to realise the harmony and quiet beauty of the colours. Many visitors to the Egyptian Museums of Europe and Egypt complain that expert knowledge is required to enable the visitor to appreciate the objects displayed, but in the case of the jewellery of the royal ladies who were buried at Dahshūr the ordinary mortal needs no knowledge to tell him that what he is looking at is beautiful. Apart from the æsthetic value of M. de Morgan's labours at Dahshūr, the historian and Egyptologist have need to be grateful to him; for he has not only explained the mystery which has hung over these half-forgotten and wholly forsaken burial-places of the members of the families of Kings of the Twelfth Dynasty, but he has produced another royal name which must in future be added to the Dynasty of Usertsens and Amenemhats.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Flaubert kept a book wherein he noted down the ignorant absurdities of mankind. These I could more willingly forget, but when I find a literary critic, in a great English paper, as good as announcing that Burns wrote Gaelic, I "make a note of it." This astonishing person calls Lowland Scots "the language of Ossian." The language of Ossian was Erse; if Lowland Scots, on the other hand, be "the language of Ossian," then Burns wrote Erse, or Gaelic, as you please. One had fancied that the difference between a Celtic and a Teutonic language was now familiar even to newspaper critics. The same wiseacre described *taudis* as a word "translated" (into what?) "from the

gorgeous" on Lady Blessington in return for the present of "a magnificent Twelfth-cake." I do not vouch for the truth of this anecdote, as the evidence is that of Dr. Maginn, "the eminent Hebraist," or whoever wrote notes accompanying Maclise's sketches of notoriety in the old *Fraser's Magazine*. Leigh Hunt, with his usual good taste, described Lady Blessington as "A Grace after dinner—a

are crowned in the city"—Mr. This, Mr. That, Mr. Tother. To Mr. Zangwill I would offer my respectful sympathy, and would bid him be of good cheer—

Thou wert not born for death, immortal bird;
No hungry generations tread thee down!

"Never mind the young men, my dear!" as King Valoroso said to Betsinda, before the incident of the warming-pan.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOLDSMITH'S WORK DISCOVERED AT DAHSHÜR.

Venus grown fat"; and then, by way of excuse, said that he did not know her Ladyship—had no acquaintance with her.

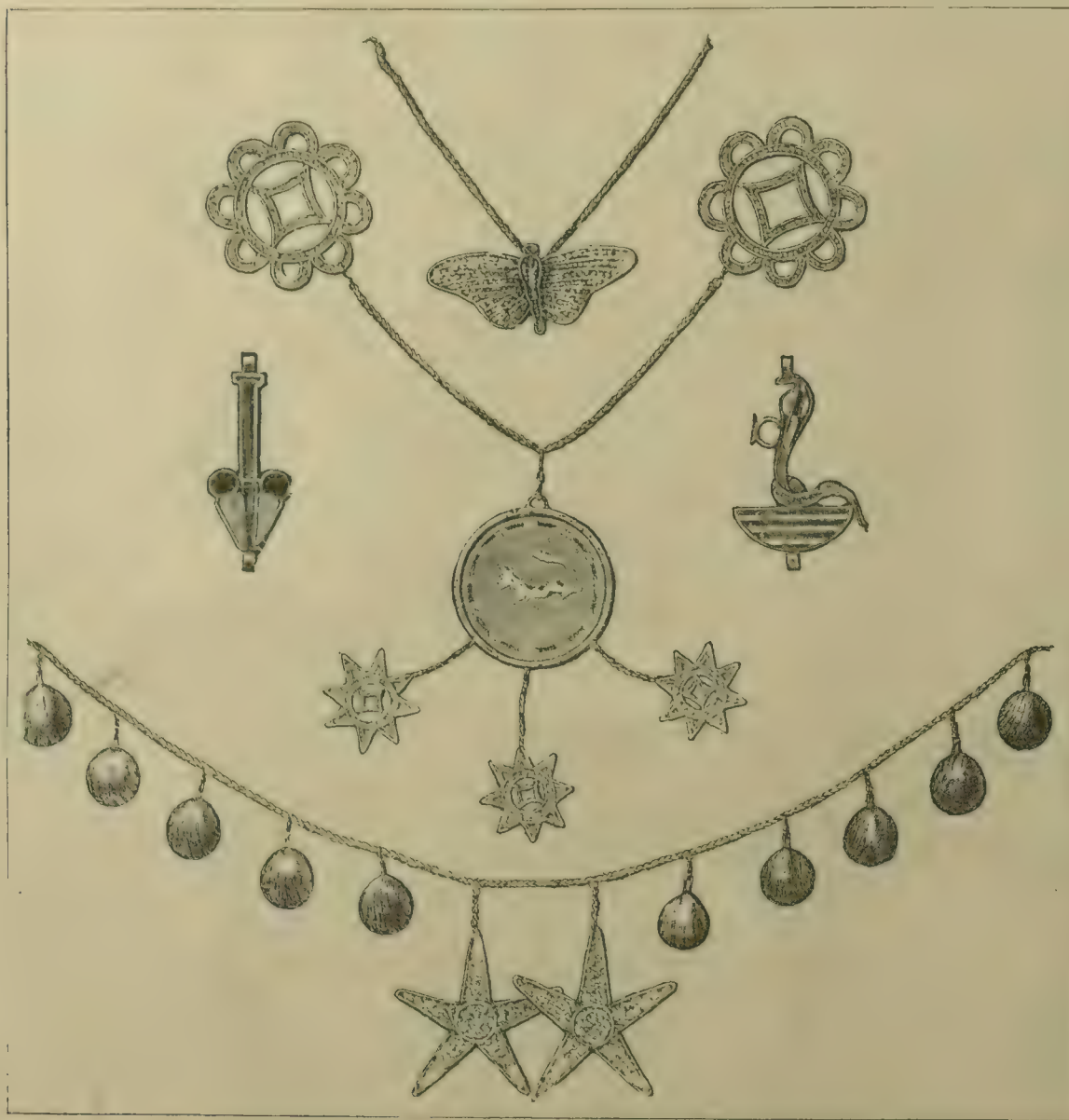
The mistakes that arise from anonymous journalism are, of course, endless, and they even get into the "Dictionary of National Biography." Under "Lyttelton, Thomas," in that useful work, a *Quarterly Review* article, asserting for the Wicked Lord Lyttelton the authorship of "Junius's Letters," is assigned to Croker. It is an interesting, ingenious essay, and ends by the clever suggestion that Lord Lyttelton, weary of life and bent on suicide, invented his ghostly "warning" as a farewell practical joke. There is not the least reason to suppose that Lord Lyttelton committed suicide, but I have elsewhere said my say about these matters. The point at present is that the clever *Quarterly* article was not by Croker. It was by an author whose name I never heard of in any other connection. Δ

"Dear, dear," observes Mr. Zangwill, "the rapidity with which immortality is attained nowadays is only surpassed by the rapidity with which it is survived." Indeed, many young gentlemen "have become famous with curious simultaneity." When Burns died, a Dumfries lady said, "Wha d'ye think will be oor poet noo?" The *Pall Mall Gazette* (as I read in the papers) is not indeed dead, but it is changed, and many recently celebrated persons may ask, "Wha'll be oor trumpeter noo?" Well, *uno avulso non deficit alter*.

Speaking of Burns and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that romantic journal pronounced a really outspoken encomium on the new Centenary edition of Burns by Mr. Henley and Mr. Henderson. I doubt not that the praise was deserved, and I eagerly await the advent of the book to these sonorous shores. But, oh! *P. M. G.*, why run down Robert Chambers? As a matter of fact, Mr. Chambers was no dunce. There has seldom been a more entertaining antiquary. Nobody rescued from the iniquity of oblivion so many relics of old Scotch legends and manners. His "Traditions of Edinburgh" is at least as valuable a book as any of the very newest young men is likely to present to the world, and the "Traditions" is only a brick out of the building. Mr. Chambers was an extremely useful publisher; no mean, and, above all, no dull historian; and his "Vestiges of Creation" are a singular prelude to the doctrines of Darwin. Mr. Chambers was also a good golfer; even his despised edition of Burns is far from being really despicable; and, *enfin*, I protest against the butchery of Mr. Chambers's literary reputation for the honour and glory of new editors of Burns. The customs of Ashanti—the massacres at a coronation—should not be introduced into the Republic of Letters. Let a new thing be a good thing by all means, but why abuse the elders who did their best with their means? A dead lion is not to be kicked and trampled on by generous animals who still look upon the sunlight.

An argument for the existence of a *Zeit-Geist*! Mr. Saintsbury, in his entertaining new book, "Nineteenth Century Literature," says that we marvel how anyone who read Tennyson's best early poems could "have mistaken their incomparable excellence." He adds, as an explanation, "the poet has to create his audience." But any of us who are fond of poetry "took to" the Laureate's early poems as soon as we saw them, in boyhood. How had he created us into an audience? Our tastes were raw and uninformed. For myself, I was rather prejudiced against Tennyson as a boy, on the broad general ground that there had been no poets since Scott—that no poets were alive. Yet a first reading was enough. Surely the *Zeit-Geist* is at the bottom of it; he "creates the audience."

The yearly conference of the St. John Ambulance Association took place on the last day of February at Clerkenwell. Colonel E. T. Thackeray presided at the meeting, and there was a representative attendance of delegates from various country districts. Colonel Thackeray, in his opening speech, gave statistics testifying to the great numerical increase of the brigade during the past year. It is interesting to note that the brigade now includes in its large administrative staff no less than 146 surgeons, besides three chief surgeons, and 709 nursing sisters. The officers and men of the association number some 6417. Before the conference a reception was held at the Chapter-House, St. John's Gate, by the Earl of Lathom, the Chancellor of the Order of St. John, at which many of the officers and men were presented to his Lordship. The occasion was kept by the usual dinner in the evening, and the next day, being Sunday, was celebrated by a Church parade at the Savoy Chapel Royal.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOLDSMITH'S WORK DISCOVERED AT DAHSHÜR.

French." Till journalists are obliged to pass an elementary examination we shall have these daily exhibitions of "blind and naked ignorance."

A book is announced on "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington," and the *Author* (I think) describes this as "an extraordinary title." With the origin of the extraordinary title the critic is, perhaps, not acquainted. Dr. Parr is said to have conferred the style of "most

number of his letters lately came into my hands, so the editor of the "Dictionary" may "make a note of it."

"All we grow old and wither like a leaf." But yesterday Mr. Zangwill (*cujus nomen honoris causa usurpo*) was the very newest of the new young men in letters, and to-day in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* we hear him uttering the sigh of the supplanted, the tolerant little wail of the fogey. Younger men are upon him: "New Gods

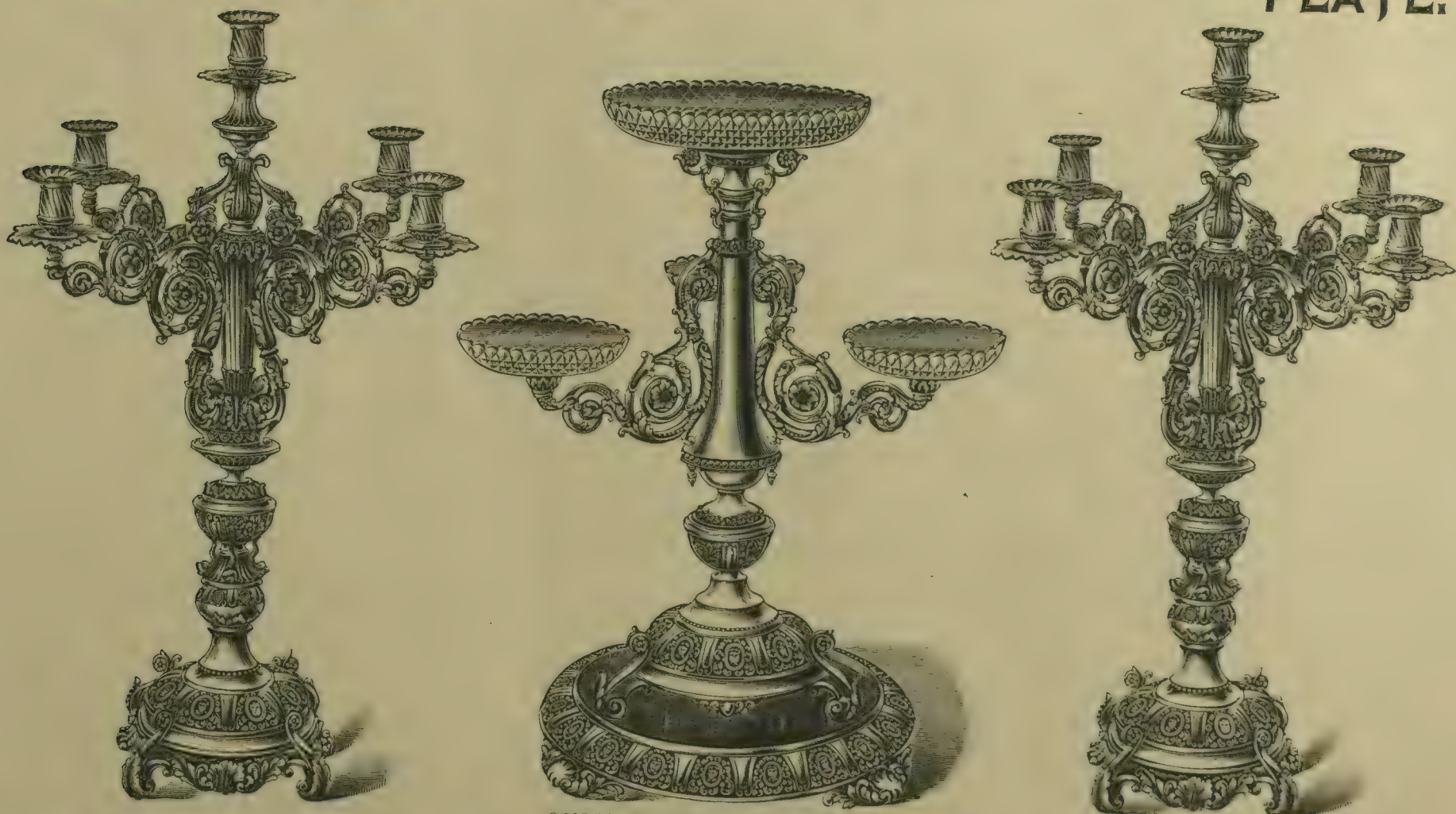


CADBURY'S COCOA

CADBURY'S COCOA stands all tests, because it is absolutely pure. Referring to a thorough examination recently made by the *Lancet*, that journal says:—"The results leave no doubt of its purity and excellence, and show that there has been no treatment with fixed alkalies, or with ammonia. . . . It represents therefore the standard of highest purity at present attainable in regard to cocoa."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 13, 1890) of Mr. James Cowan, J.P., D.L., M.P. for Edinburgh 1874-82, of Glengorna Mull, Argyllshire, and 35, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, who died on Nov. 24, granted to William John Menzies, John James Cowan and Edward Wahab, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £99,523.

The will (dated May 26, 1887), with a codicil, of Mr. Thomas Walker, of Lombardale Hall, Middleton, near Bakewell, Derbyshire, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on Feb. 18 by Thomas Charles Bruce Mackintosh Walker, the nephew, and Mrs. Ruby Douglas Walker, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £65,871. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, gives £300, and, for life, an annuity of £650, to be reduced to £200 on remarriage, and the use of his household furniture and effects, to his wife; £10,000 each to his children; £500 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. He devises his land and premises at Ireby, Cumberland, to his second son, in fee simple. The residue of his real and personal estate he settles upon his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1895) of Sir George William Elliot, Bart., of Scruton Hall, Bedale, Yorkshire, and 17, Portland Place, who died at Folkestone on Nov. 15, was proved on Feb. 20 by Sir George Elliot, Bart., the son, and Charles Edward Hunter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £48,685. The testator makes up his wife's income, with what she will receive under settlement and by appointment from the Brythdir and Whitby estates, to £1500 per annum in addition to the £500 per annum she is entitled to receive out of a settled fund of £50,000. This latter fund, subject to the payments to his wife, he appoints to all his children in equal shares. He charges the Whitby estate with the payment of £30,000 in favour of his younger children, Sarah Tayler Hague Cook, Mildred Mary Clayton Swan, Charles Elliot, and Florence Elliot. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares. His daughters Mrs. Hague Cook and Mrs. Clayton are to bring into hotchpot the sum of £10,000 settled upon them respectively.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1893) of Mrs. Margaret Urquhart, of 140, Croydon Road, Surrey, widow, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on Feb. 11 by John Urquhart, the son, and Emily Margaret Snelling, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £37,078. Subject to a legacy of £50 each to her executors, the testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate between her children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1877) of Mr. John Arthur Herbert, J.P., D.L., of Llanarth Court, Monmouthshire, who died on May 18, was proved at the Llandaff District Registry on Jan. 30 by Ivor John Caradoc Herbert, C.B., C.M.G., the son and sole executor, the



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—WICKHAM HOWARD.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Mr. Wickham Howard, who contributed to the recent Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oils the portrait of a lady, which we reproduce, is one of the later aspirants to public favour. He is not a prolific painter, but his work shows considerable care and finish; and, as may be seen, he is an adherent of that school of figure-painters who pay greater regard to tone than to colour. He is a painter of much promise, who will, doubtless, make his name more widely known.

value of the personal estate being £33,211. Subject to a legacy of £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Augusta Herbert, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1889), with four codicils (dated July 24 and Sept. 8, 1891, and Aug. 12 and Dec. 20, 1892), of Admiral the Hon. Francis Egerton, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Surrey, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 22 by Lady Louisa Caroline Egerton, the widow, the Earl of Ellesmere, the nephew, and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,344. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and farming stock to his wife; and £100 each to Colonel H. A. Lascelles and Henry Frederick Compton Cavendish. He

also bequeaths 10 per cent. upon the aggregate amount of their wages each to Henry Jarvis, James Baker, who has been thirty years in his service, and Priscilla Percy, who has been twenty-three years in his service, if respectively in his service at the time of his decease; and legacies to other servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children as she shall appoint. All his real estate he devises to his wife, for life, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1891) of Mr. Clarence Granville Sinclair, eldest son of Sir John George Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster, in the county of Caithness, was proved on Jan. 23 by the Ven. William Macdonald Sinclair, Archdeacon of London, John Henry Fullerton Udny, and Horace Edward Golding, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,002. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors, and £100 each to his sisters, Mrs. Udny and Mrs. Williams. Certain jewels, plate, and pictures are to go as heirlooms to the person for the time being in possession of the baronetcy now held by his father. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his infant son.

The will (dated May 16, 1878) of Mr. John Smythe, J.P., of Maidstone, Kent, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Feb. 19 by Mrs. Laura Smythe, the widow, and Alfred Starnes White, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,791. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 20, 1895) of Mrs. Harriet Beisley, of The Cedars, Laurie Park, Sydenham, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on Feb. 11 by the Rev. Thomas Matthews Studholme, Richard May Miller, M.D., and William King, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,376. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the Rector or Vicar and churchwardens of Warborough, Oxfordshire, to invest same and apply the dividends in the purchase of coals to be distributed at their discretion at Christmas among the poor inhabitants of the parish; and there are similar legacies of £400 each for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Turville, Buckinghamshire, and for the benefit of the poor of Northend, in the parish of Turville. She also bequeaths all her books and pictures and £300 to the Shakspeare Museum, Stratford-on-Avon; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives equally to her nieces Harriet Cherrill, Ellen Parker, Matilda Cherrill, and Fanny Long.

The Irish probate of the will contained in the paper writings (dated respectively July 28, 1868; May 13, 1876; Aug. 4, 1877; May 21, 1880; Jan. 11, 1893; and Dec. 19, 1894) of Mr. John Ffolliott, J.P., D.L., of Hollybrook House, Sligo, who died on Dec. 27, granted to Richard Ffolliott Eliot, one of the executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £12,323.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Nov. 27, 1895) of Mr. James Kelleher, formerly of the

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is PURE and BRIGHT IN your YOUTH; for what is TRUE and TRIED IN the AGE of OTHERS; for all that is GRACIOUS AMONG the LIVING, GREAT among the DEAD, AND MARVELLOUS in the POWER THAT CANNOT DIE.'—RUSKIN.

IF I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts OF the UNIVERSE 'THY POWER IS THERE.' KNOWEST thou ANY CORNER of the WORLD WHERE at least FORCE is not?

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED! SEPARATED! I say there is NO SUCH SEPARATION: Nothing hitherto WAS ever stranded, cast aside;

BUT ALL, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is BORNE FORWARD ON THE BOTTOMLESS, SHORELESS FLOOD OF ACTION, AND LIVES THROUGH PERPETUAL METAMORPHOSES.

WHY SHOULD FEVER, that vile slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made an example of by the law. Fevers are, at most, universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who is to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease, read a Pamphlet given with each Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' The information is invaluable. If this invaluable information were universally carried out, many forms of disease, now producing such havoc, would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done when the true cause has become known. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from Fevers and Blood Poisons, Liver Complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a single travelling-trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Prepared only at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

THE Withered Leaf IS NOT DEAD and LOST.

THERE are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order; ELSE how could it ROT?

DESPISE NOT the RAG from which MAN MAKES PAPER, or the LITTER THE EARTH makes CORN.

RIGHTLY viewed, NO MEANEST OBJECT is INSIGNIFICANT;

ALL Objects are as WINDOWS, through which the PHILOSOPHIC EYE looks into INFINITUDE ITSELF.—CARLYLE.

NATURE NEVER FORGETS and NEVER FORGIVES THE BREAKING OF LAWS,

REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS, INSTINCTS, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies,

DISCIPLINE and SELF-DENIAL, that Precious Boon, THE HIGHEST and BEST in THIS LIFE.

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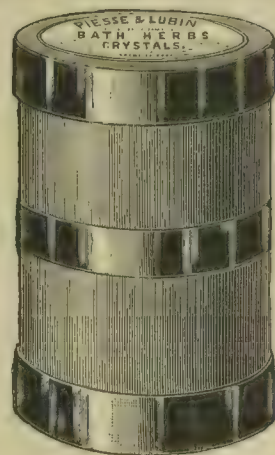
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Bengal Civil Service, of 33, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin, who died on Dec. 2, 1895, granted to Mrs. Mary Caroline Kelleher, the widow, and John Henry Behan, two of the executors, was sealed in London on Feb. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £10,638. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his furniture and effects to his wife; and the residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children in equal shares. He provides that any daughter becoming a professed nun is to forfeit her share of his residuary estate.

A most interesting ceremony was witnessed by some thousands of people on Feb. 28 at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the occasion of the launch of the *Yushima*, a first-class battle-ship built for the Japanese Government by the firm of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. The occasion was one of much local festivity. Enclosures were arranged for visitors, and every shed, wall, and even chimney, was crowded with onlookers. The ceremony of naming the vessel was performed by Madame Kato, wife of the Japanese Ambassador, and amid the cheers of the spectators the *Yushima*, so called after the ancient name of Japan, was launched into the river. According to a superstitious custom of the Japanese, a flock of pigeons was intended to be released as the vessel touched the water; but the birds, unfortunately, made their escape beforehand, much to the disappointment of the spectators. A band played a suitable selection of music, including the Japanese National

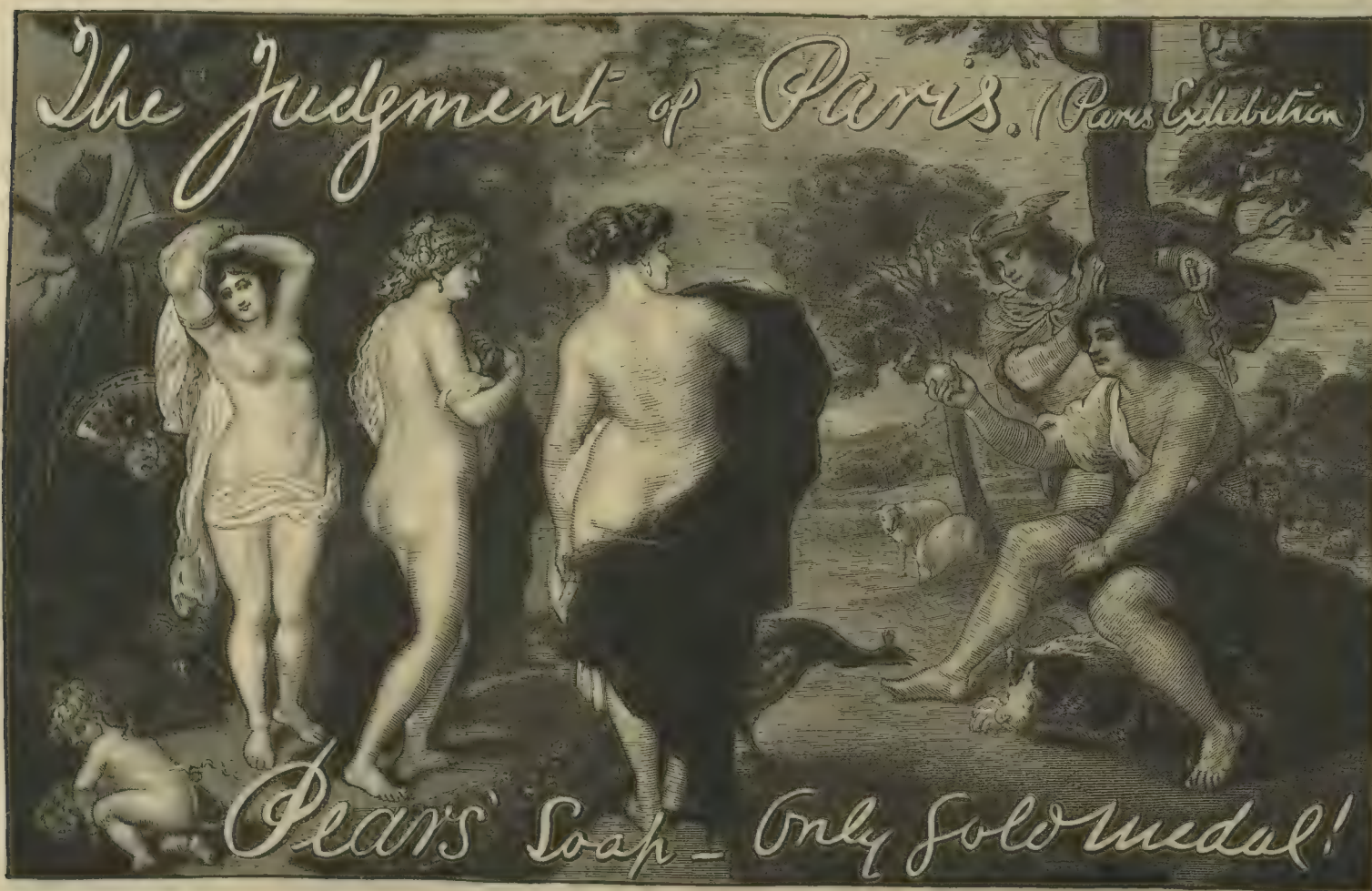
Anthem, and the whole scene was brilliant in the extreme. The *Yushima* is the largest vessel ever built on the Tyne, being 1000 tons heavier than the hapless *Victoria*. Her displacement is 12,300 tons, and her armament will include four 48-ton guns, ten quick-firing 100-pounders, and twenty-four quick-firing 45-pounders, with other smaller guns and a strong torpedo equipment. The *Yushima* is to be completely armoured with steel plates hardened by the Harvey process.

A satisfactory prosperity was the note of the general meeting of the Church Schools Company, at which Lord Ashcombe presided, the accounts of the company showing an increase of balance since the preceding report. In alluding to the prominence of the question of Church teaching in schools at the present time, and to the report of the Royal Commission, Lord Ashcombe stated that during the past year thirteen of the pupils had availed themselves to the full of the conscience clause existing in all the company's schools, while one hundred and forty-eight had followed the course of partial withdrawal.

The Pasteur Institute is not to be the only memorial of the eminent scientist from whom it takes its name, although it must remain the most eloquent testimony to his life's work. Preparations are proceeding apace in Paris for the erection of a statue of the great man, and a commission has been elected for the consideration of the most suitable site for it. It is desired to make the subscription an international one, and an appeal has been issued to this effect. This is certainly as it should be, for the discoveries

of M. Pasteur have proved of lasting benefit to a wider world than that of his native country alone. The services which his labours rendered to the industries of silk and alcohol manufacture were by no means confined to the pursuit of those trades in France, and his fight with hydrophobia and the other deadly ills that flesh is heir to has proved him a benefactor of humanity at large.

Under prevailing conditions, profitable farming depends on saving expenses. In "Sutton's Farmers' Year-Book and Graziers' Manual" for 1896 attention is again called to the fact that this object can most successfully be achieved by short-term grass and clover leys. Messrs. Sutton point out that the correspondence between the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, published in the *Times* last autumn, afforded conclusive evidence that by laying down land to temporary pasture it is practicable to farm at a profit some of the poor light land of Norfolk, which residents in the neighbourhood have declared "would ruin anybody." Mr. Clare Sewell Read, Mr. A. J. Smith, and other well-known authorities are also quoted in support of the system. Among other advantages, it is undoubtedly true that temporary pastures save labour both of men and horses, produce a speedy return on the initial outlay, yield heavier crops than can be obtained from permanent grass, and offer to landlords the best means of preventing deterioration of the land. The exceptional summer of 1895 has resulted in bountiful crops of clover and grass seeds, which are, fortunately, lower in price than for many years past.



From the original painting by RUBENS in the National Gallery, London.

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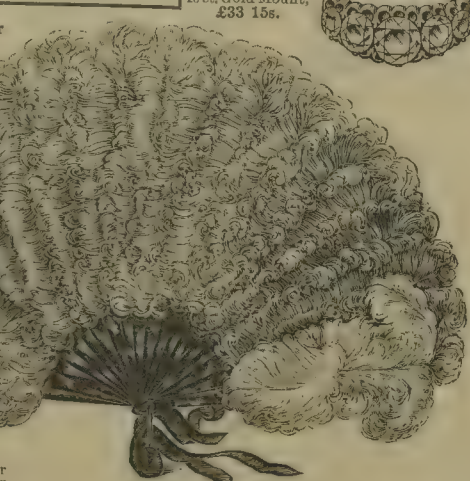
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ART NOTES.

It is always a somewhat hazardous plan to hang oil-paintings in close proximity to water-colours if it is desired to do full justice to either one or the other. To some eyes the inadequacy of the latter to give full expression to the painter's impressions is emphasised; while to others the transparency of the more delicate medium causes the results of the worker in oils to seem heavy and opaque. This objection makes itself felt very forcibly in the present display at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery, where Mr. T. Wake Cook in water colours and Mr. Clayton Adams in oils undertake to illustrate Balmoral and Deeside. Both are competent draughtsmen, and both have a certain facility in the composition of pictures; but in both one smells more of the lamp than of the heather. In some of the drawings where architectural features obtain prominence—as in "Edinburgh from the Calton Hill" (5), "Melrose" (8), and "Balmoral" (32), with the first touches of autumn snow—Mr. Wake Cook achieves considerable success; but in too many of his works prettiness rather than a transcript of nature seems to have been his aim. In this way he endeavours to recall daintily some of the grandest scenery in the Eastern Highlands—the windings of the Dee, the wild course of the Muich, and the romantic surroundings of Glen Tana and Clunie Water. Such carefully elaborated studies, for the most part sunny, will doubtless recall many happy days to those who yearly visit Ballater and Braemar; but they will scarcely satisfy those

who find in the ruggedness and wildness of the Highlands an inexhaustible charm.

Mr. Clayton Adams's work is somewhat less delicate, but not less laboured and "worried." He seems to be too anxious to make a picture, and to be in constant search of a point of view whence he can obtain the necessary ingredients. This is to be the more regretted, for in such manly works as "Craig Rhordie" (61), near Balmoral, and the large expanse of moorland called "Spring Flowers" (94), one sees that he is capable of a freer touch than he usually permits himself. He has taken for his painting ground a country known to most travellers, from Loch Tummel and the Pass of Killiecrankie to Ballochbuie Forest and the Falls of Clunie—a wide stretch full of interesting and even entrancing spots. One cannot help feeling in examining his treatment of them that they were beyond his powers, and that he could only work out the impressions they left upon him in the quiet retirement of his studio. Indeed, he almost suggests this view himself by his far more sympathetic treatment of Coneyhurst Hill, and the neighbourhood of Ewhurst, from which we are led to infer that he is more at home on the Surrey commons than among the mountains and glens of Deeside.

There could not be a more complete contrast with the above-mentioned works than is to be found at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, where Mr. W. J. Laidlay exhibits over a hundred paintings of Brittany and the Norfolk

Broads. Mr. Laidlay is essentially a "pleinairiste," and one of very remarkable power and scope. One feels that every picture in this collection bears the mark of the spot where it was painted—on the rocky coasts of Brittany, among the sandy dunes of Picardy, or nearer home among the high-flowering rushes of our Eastern Broads and their sandy estuaries. Mr. Laidlay at one time was one of the leaders of the New English Art, but he soon found that the conditions under which membership of the club and its peculiar theories of art were sustained were incompatible with his views of painting. Since then he has been steadily forming his style in some respects after the manner of Mr. Whistler, as seen in such charming touches of colour as "The Evening on the Dunes" (73), "After the Storm" (76), and many others of the same kind. He is not afraid, however, to grapple with definite outline, as in the mass of towering rocks in the picture called "Robbing the Falcon's Nest" (52), in which the steep basaltic rocks rising sheer out of the limpid water are powerfully rendered. In such subjects as "Weeding" (31), "Scoring for Sand-Eels" (7), we have some good specimens of figure-drawing, very French in their inspiration, but marked by sufficient individuality to escape the suggestion of mere imitateness. "The Burning of King Hakon Haki" (41), sent adrift in his ship towards the unknown shore, is too much in the style of stage-setting, and the other subject picture, "Ghisli the Outlaw" (62), hiding among the rushes beside the river, is open to the same criticism. Mr. Laidlay is best when dealing with

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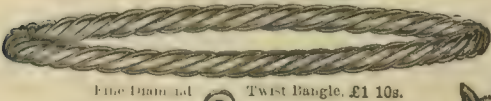
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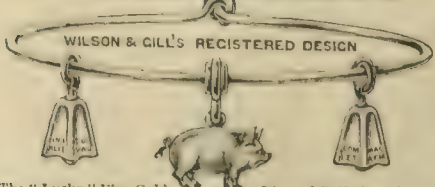
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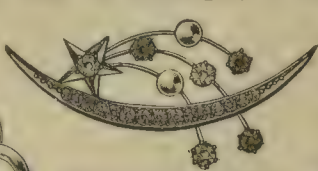


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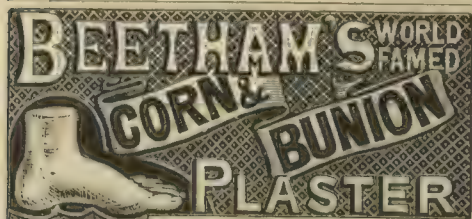
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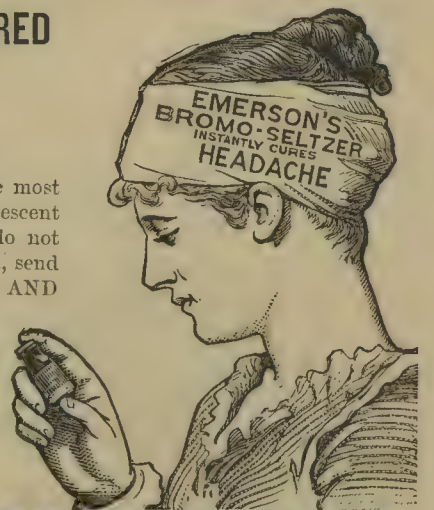
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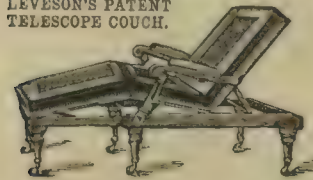
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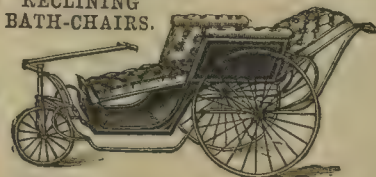
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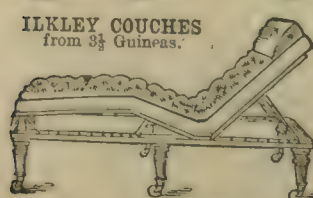
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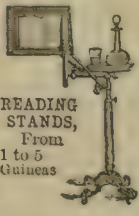


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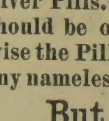
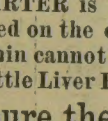
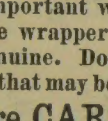
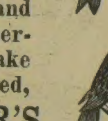

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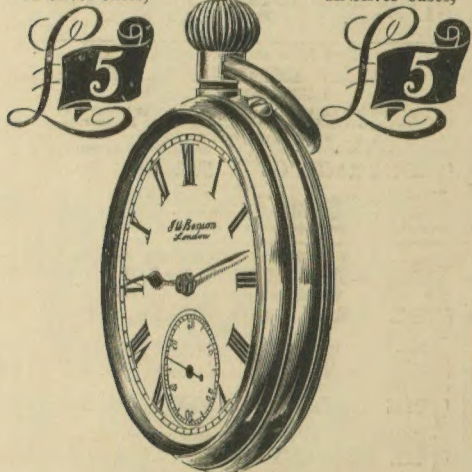
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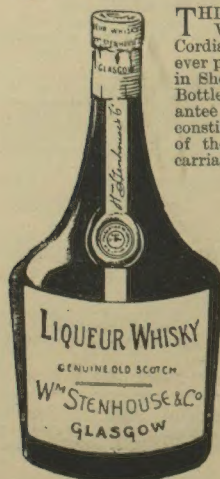
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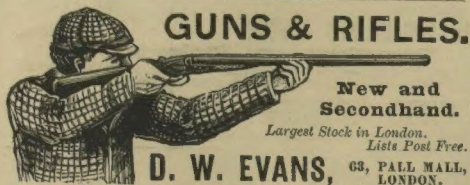
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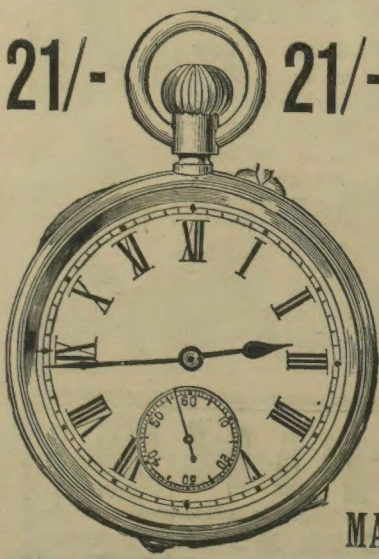
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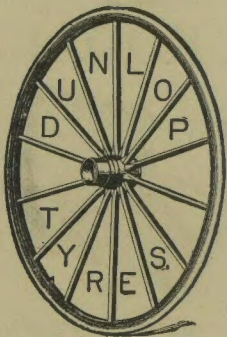
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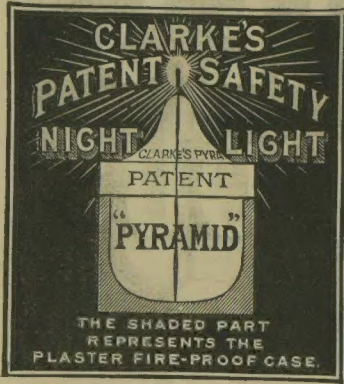
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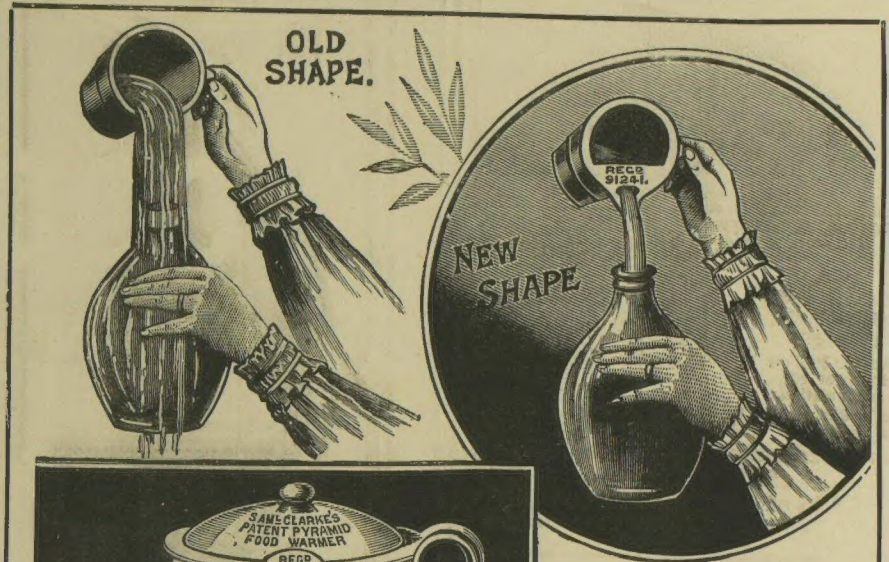
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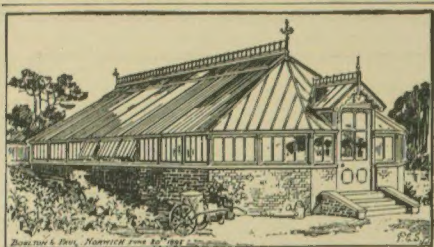
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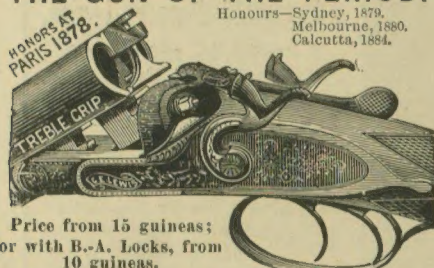
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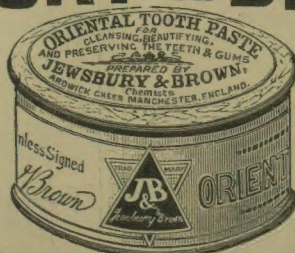
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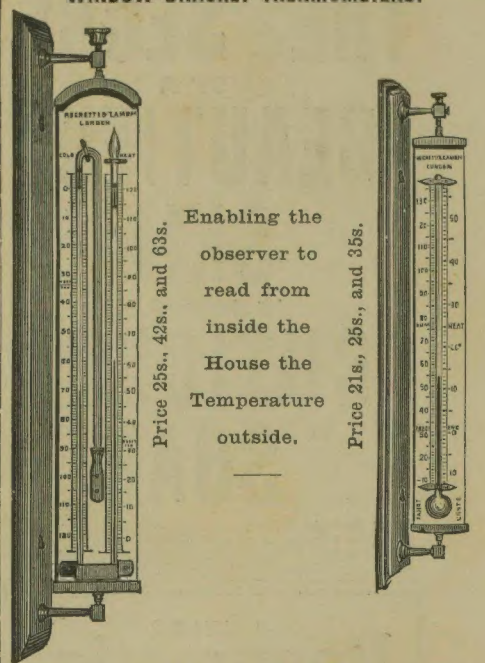


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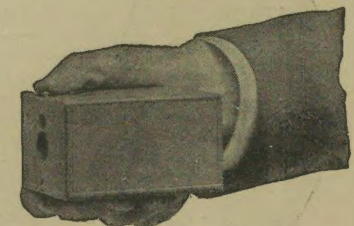
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